

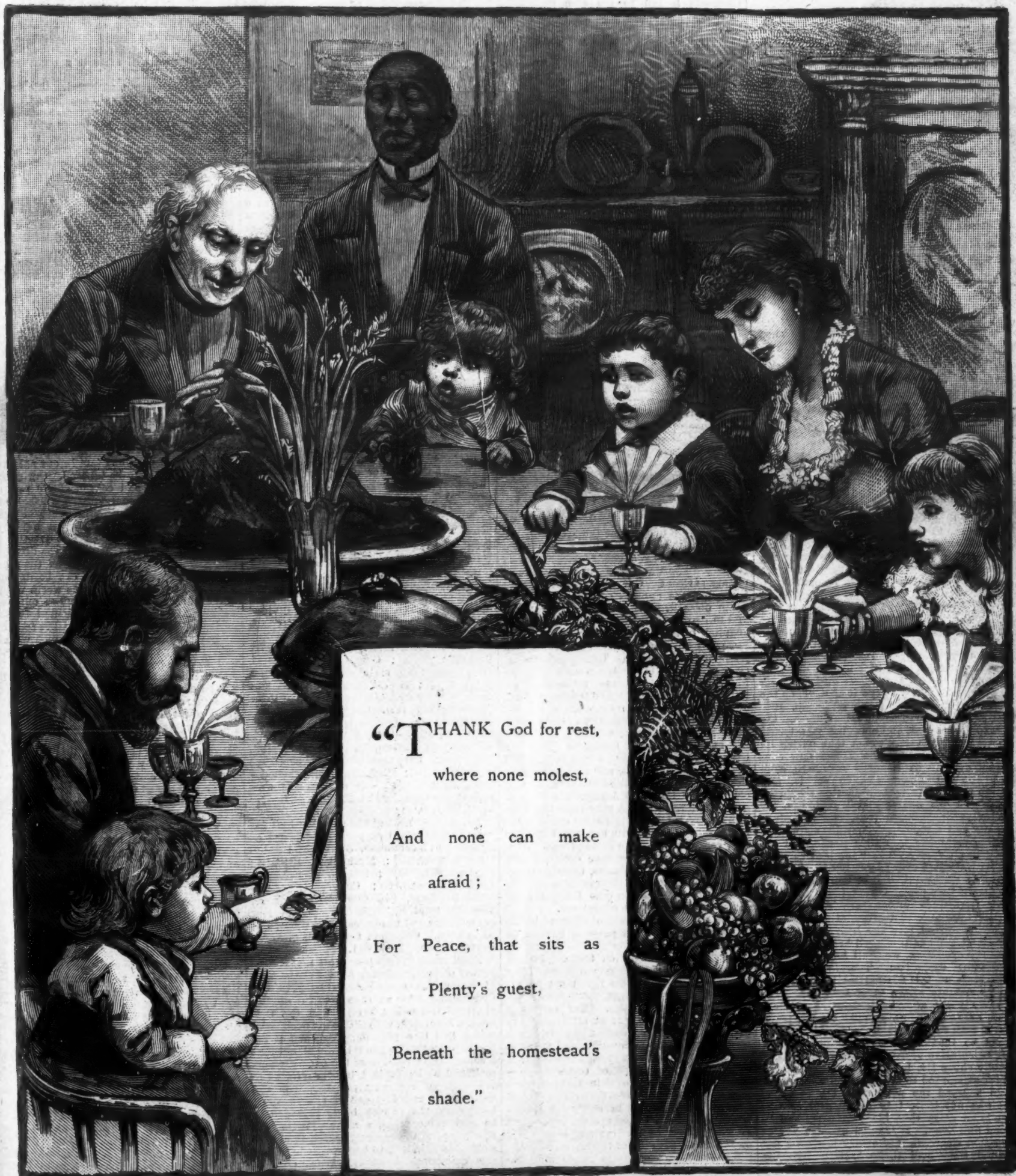
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"THANK God for rest,
where none molest,
And none can make
afraid ;
For Peace, that sits as
Plenty's guest,
Beneath the homestead's
shade."

GRACE AT THANKSGIVING.—SEE PAGE 230.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1892.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be issued December 13th, will surpass, in its artistic and literary attractions, all previous issues of this popular publication. It will consist of thirty-two pages of illustrations and reading-matter, with a cover shaded in terra-cotta, printed on superior paper, and, as a whole, will illustrate in a most striking manner the wonderful progress of the engraver's and printer's arts. Among the full-page and double-page illustrations, especially adapted to the season, which will illuminate this Holiday Publication, will be the following: "A Christmas Reverie," "Santa Claus in a Child's Hospital," "A Bird's Christmas Breakfast" and "I Wish You a Merry Christmas!" The literary contributions, from the pens of eminent and favorite writers, will also be accompanied by suitable illustrations, giving, in all, a score or more of beautiful pictures, full of the spirit and tenderness of the Christmas time. The Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is confident that a discriminating public will fully appreciate this effort to furnish a Holiday issue measuring up to the canons of the highest and most critical taste.

TRUE AND FALSE REPRESENTATIVES.

THE "Shoe-string" District of Mississippi furnishes a serious lesson in American politics. We are trying to prove to mankind that a nation, whether of three millions or a hundred millions, can govern itself, and has no need of emperors or kings. Our method is to divide the population into districts, and allow each to choose its own man to represent it in a deliberative body, to which is intrusted the ultimate and supreme power. We hope to show even to future ages that this method will answer all the purposes of social life better than any despotic or aristocratic or monarchical forms hitherto prevalent among men. We have not got far in our experiment. It is only ninety three years since the first Congress of the United States, consisting of fifty-nine members, tried to organize in an old building which stood in Wall Street, New York, opposite Broad. Only eight Senators and thirteen Representatives attended, and they had to drum up absentees for a month before they could get a quorum of thirty in the House. Then the experiment of self-government began. It is still going on, with some misgivings on the part of wise men, and much less vain boasting, on the part of all men, than during its first half-century. The House now contains over three hundred members, each representing about 150,000 people, and there is no difficulty in obtaining a quorum in its superb quarters at Washington for a salary of \$5,000 a year, with attendant honor and influence. The old method of self-government is still pursued, and we still boast that ours is "the best Government the world ever saw." But no thoughtful man will boast of it or believe it, when it shall be apparent that these assumed representatives are, to any considerable extent, no representatives at all, but intruders, foisted into the body by violence or fraud. When this shall be the rule, and not the exception, we shall have the worst form of despotism. Therefore, such a spectacle as this Shoe-string District presents should awaken eager attention.

Two years ago, by legislative carving, this long strip of river lands, densely populated with colored people, was made a district, so that the negroes might send a representative of their own choosing. They really chose Mr. Lynch; but General Chalmers attempted to foist himself upon them, and usurped the place until the fact that he was not their true representative was made so plain that his own party had to send him back. Disgusted at such unreasonable virtue in his own friends, he deserted them and threw himself into the hands of their opponents. He succeeded in becoming the real representative of the same Shoe-string District, and was ready to return and punish his old allies for hav-

ing declared him a false one. But here he is foiled by a trick more contemptible than his own. He had a clear majority of 1,400, and was in truth the man chosen to exercise the power of his people in the law-making body—just as Lynch was when he sought to supplant him. His plan had been to prevent the votes from being cast, but now he suffers from another form of treason against the supreme power of the people. He is not exactly "hoist with his own petard," but with another quite as decent, and perhaps more effective. Now the votes for him are cast and counted, but not returned. They were all regular, and there were enough of them, but some dexterous or stupid clerk spelled his name wrongly and reported to the authorities that over 1,400 votes were cast for one J. R. Chambliss—leaving J. R. Chalmers in the minority and his Democratic adversary, Mr. Manning, at the head. The Secretary of State, more mindful of the General's recent example than of the precepts of his forefathers, returns that Manning is the man duly chosen by the people of the Shoe-string District to speak their will in making the laws of the country. General Chalmers is left to his own reflections upon the best methods of popular government, and is invited "to know how it is himself" to clamor at the doors of Congress for admittance to his rightful place as a real representative of the people. He will gnash his teeth to find how headless of his just claims his old friends can be, "even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears." He will curse them in his righteous indignation for violating the fundamental law of popular government. And he will do it with good reason, notwithstanding his own sins. Many will be little disposed to pity him, and will moralize about "poetic justice," "the bitter bit," and the "engineer hoist with his own petard." But this will be bad political morality. The point is vital that every district in this country with its 150,000 free citizens should choose its own representative by having their votes freely cast, fairly counted, honestly returned, and impartially scrutinized and acted on by the body to which he belongs. Any attack upon this vital point, and any trick to thwart it, is treason—it is "compassing the life" of the sovereign people. It is not a subject for jesting, but should be dealt with most seriously by the people whose rights are invaded, and by the body itself whose integrity is imperiled.

If a new departure is now to be taken after the late political storm, let the American House of Representatives—the source and organ of popular government—purge itself of intruders as jealously at least as royal houses guard their lines of descent and banish or behead pretenders.

A COMMERCIAL SURVEY.

IT is useless to disguise the fact that the trade of the country is in many respects in a very unfavorable condition. Money is close, and loans have latterly been made at twenty per cent. Our grain harvests were large, but the exports are small, farmers being dissatisfied with the current prices, and in many cases refusing to send their supplies to market; and, besides, we now have powerful competitors for the grain trade of Europe in both Russia and India. Over-production is causing great depression in the iron and steel trade; mills at Scranton, Pittsburgh, Joliet and Chicago have either shut down or contemplate doing so. The depression is especially noticeable in the steel-rail industry; within a few years the manufacture has increased 1,200 per cent. in the United States owing to the duty of \$28 on foreign rails, and owing, also, to the extravagant railroad-building in this country; so that now American mills can produce more rails in a year than the English mills—the capacity in this country being 1,500,000 tons, while not over 1,000,000 tons can be used. The demand has fallen off of late, and prices have declined very materially. Manufacturers, therefore, say they must either close their mills or else reduce wages, the burden thus being shifted to the shoulders of the operatives.

The enormous amount of railroad-building within the last few years is having, in more ways than we have already indicated, an unfavorable effect on trade. It has withdrawn an immense sum of money from the market, and to this fact must be attributed, in part at least, the present difficulty in securing loans. The railroads were, many of them, not at all needed; in many instances they cannot pay dividends except to the next generation, and yet it is estimated that such has been the enormous capitalization of some of these roads—\$50,000 per mile and over in many cases—that within a year not less than \$650,000,000 has been looked up in shares, most of which will prove, to the present possessors at least, about as profitable as corner lots on the northeast side of the moon.

The state of the woolen goods industry may be inferred from the recent failure of several large manufacturers in New England, with liabilities greatly in excess of the assets. The mild weather thus far has

caused heavy losses in that branch of trade, while the demand for Spring goods, which is usually brisk at this time, is likewise very light. The coal industry is in a depressed state consequent on the mild weather and the dullness of the iron trade.

The bank clearings are somewhat larger than at this time last year, but it is well to remember that trade was almost as dull then as it is now. The number of failures is larger than at this time in 1881, and the increased bank clearings are unquestionably due in a large degree to speculation. Not in the stock market—the public are becoming tired of the methods there pursued—but in petroleum, grain and cotton. Sales of 120,000,000 barrels of petroleum within a short time at an advance of thirty cents per barrel; a corner in corn both here and in Chicago, with a rise of fifteen cents per bushel here within two days; a corner in November cotton and speculation in other products—this is the way the money is going. Sugar, coffee and tea are steadily declining, owing to very large supplies and the slowness of trade. Coffee has become an article of speculation, and within a comparatively short time 50,000 bags have been sold on the new Coffee Exchange. Meantime the working classes all over the country are economizing; they have lost so heavily through strikes and reduction of wages, that it is an undeniable fact that they are purchasing very sparingly articles that were once considered almost a necessity. Meat has declined somewhat; but while an advance in wholesale prices is speedily made known to his customers by the small butcher, a decline is reluctantly conceded.

Finally, it may be stated that, notwithstanding all drawbacks, there is no need of indulging in gloomy prognostications which the facts, unfavorable as they are, certainly do not warrant. There are those who think they hear the mutterings of a coming financial storm, but the alarmists hear this at all times. Careful observers indulge the hope that the gradual shrinkage of prices will lead before very long to an increase in legitimate trade both foreign and domestic, when the drain on our resources, through large exports and reckless speculation, will be stopped, and business affairs once more assume their wonted aspect.

CHURCH BENEVOLENCE.

ONE of our daily journals has busied itself of late in collecting the statistics of church life in this city, and also, to some extent, in the country at large. The work, so far as it has extended, has been well done, and the figures are very suggestive.

The whole number of churches in this city, it appears, is 421, divided among the different denominations as follows: Catholic, 75; Episcopal, 79; Presbyterian, 60; Methodist, 65; Baptist, 36; Reformed, 22; Lutheran, 19; Congregational, 6; Jews, 19; Miscellaneous (including Universalists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians, Quakers, Reformed Episcopalians, and some others), 40. The whole number of communicants or members (omitting Catholics, of whom the numbers are not reported) is 101,441, divided among the sects as follows: Episcopal, 25,526; Presbyterian, 21,590; Methodist, 13,359; Baptist, 12,725; Reformed, 6,938; Lutheran, 9,100; Congregational, 2,466; Jews (reckoning male heads of families only), 2,937; Miscellaneous, 6,800. The sums paid for maintaining worship by these denominations respectively are as follows: Episcopalians, \$600,000; Presbyterians, \$359,994; Methodists, \$200,661; Baptists, \$131,906; Lutherans, \$95,000; Reformed, \$178,698; Congregationalists, \$75,000; Jews, \$202,476; Miscellaneous, \$250,000—total, \$2,093,735. The expenses of worship in the Catholic churches are estimated at \$1,125,000.

Let us look next at the contributions for various benevolent purposes, which are as follows: Episcopalians, \$550,407; Presbyterians, \$345,370; Methodists, \$42,555; Baptists, \$200,603; Reformed, \$45,586; Lutherans, \$25,000; Congregationalists, \$21,520; Jews, \$100,000; Miscellaneous, \$50,000—total, \$1,381,041. The benevolent contributions of Catholics are estimated at \$1,125,000. Complete total of benevolent contributions, \$2,506,041.

From these figures it appears that the expenses of public worship exceed the amount of benevolent contributions by \$712,694. Considering the average wealth of the churches (including Trinity and the Collegiate Reformed, with their vast accumulations), this is a poor showing; and it becomes poorer still when it is considered that a considerable portion of the contributions reckoned as benevolent is appropriated to the work of sectarian propaganda and the support and increase of ecclesiastical machinery, the church being regarded as an end rather than a means. It is this dominance of the sectarian spirit in church work that is chiefly to be lamented. There are indications, however, of an improvement in this particular, and the time is probably not far distant when the churches of New York city and of the world will care less for the upbuilding of their re-

spective sects, less for the propagation of juiceless dogmas, and more than they have ever hitherto done for the upbuilding of a sound morality and the relief of human suffering and want, without regard to denominational considerations.

It is fair to add in this connection that these church statistics probably do not by any means represent all the benevolent work done by members of the different denominations. There is a vast amount of private charity that never gets reported, and in which Christians of every denomination bear a part with multitudes who take no interest in sectarian movements.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

IS it worth while to grant a subsidy of several dollars on every ton for the purpose of rebuilding our merchant vessels that have vanished from the sea? This is one of the most important questions that Congress this Winter will have to decide. That a Bill will be passed to abolish the hardships of sailors, and to amend or repeal the absurd navigation laws, enacted in 1792, to which our commerce is still bound, is taken for granted; indeed such a measure will meet with unanimous acquiescence except from the landlord sharks who still make Poor Jack their prey. But the main question that will arise is a much larger one.

The interrogation with which this article begins has not often been asked. The press of the country seems to assume, *nem. con.*, that it is of course worth while to rebuild our shipping somehow, the only serious difference being as to which method is preferable. Democrats want to restore our ocean commerce by welcoming the ships of all nations to our flag free of duty. Republicans, by admitting the materials free of duty, and granting a bounty as a premium to builders. Few of either party stop to inquire, Is the game worth the candle? This is the question which we ask Congress seriously to consider.

The deterioration of our commerce is obvious enough. Forty years ago we owned four-fifths of all the ships plying between our ports and those of foreign lands; now we own less than one-seventh. Even in the last ten years our transportation has rapidly changed hands. In 1871, of the tonnage of vessels trading at our ports 4,390,606 were foreign and 2,803,591 were American, or 37 per cent. of the whole; in 1881, 12,711,965 tons were foreign, and 2,919,149 were American—only 18 per cent. of the whole. At this rate, it cannot be long before our carrying-trade entirely disappears.

This is a stupendous fact in our national life, and one not to be ignored. Our carrying trade, from and to the single port of New York, aggregates \$120,000,000 annually, and the question whether this money shall all pass into other hands is one of grave importance. The question is not a very complicated one, or the decision difficult. It depends entirely on the other question whether the work can be done at a profit. We could, if it were worth while, make our own silk and produce our own claret and macaroni, but we find by experience that, in the time it would require, we can produce other staples which we can exchange for the silk, claret and macaroni, and have a good surplus remaining to be put to the credit of our bank account. So we produce and sell wheat, hides, wool, machinery and petroleum, and buy the silk, claret and macaroni from the half-paid laborers of the Old World.

Does not shipbuilding belong in the catalogue of occupations which Americans cannot profitably follow? It is as much subject to the competition of pauper labor as the making of macaroni. The materials that go to the building of an Italian or a German ship cost about two-thirds what they would cost in New York. The captain gets \$75 a month instead of \$200. The crew receives about half as much for rations and pay as an American crew. How is competition possible under such condition, unless the Government of the United States throws into the scale the heavy but unclean hand of Subsidy?

It was Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, who uttered the apothegm, "Whoso commands the sea commands the trade; whoso commands the trade commands the wealth; whoso commands the wealth commands the world." It was plausible but false, like most apothegms. England commands the sea; but she has been growing poorer and poorer every year for the last twenty—living on her savings and looking forward to an old age of penury. Next to England Germany commands the sea; and Germany is to-day one of the least prosperous of European nations—not more than \$35,000,000 of gold in her national treasury. Of Italy it is scarcely necessary to speak—a chronic bankrupt. These are the three nations that "command the sea." Shipbuilding and ocean transportation do not pay a net profit of two per cent. on the capital invested. America can do better with her money.

Of course, by "nourishing" the industry of ship-building to the tune of ten

or twenty millions a year, the shipping interest might be bolstered up so that ships could be built and run without a loss—that is, without a greater loss—but *cui bono?* What is the use of spending money for the fun of the thing? Our commerce has perished because it did not pay; why throw any more money into that all-devouring vortex? Why not put our money into terrestrial industries that do pay, and let the lazzaroni serve as our marine porters? A sagacious Pearl Street oil refiner informs us that he can send a case of petroleum as cheaply to Calcutta as to Poughkeepsie; and that it actually costs more to send a small load up to Fortieth Street on a truck than to send it to Japan!

We beseech Congress to calmly consider this view of the subject before rushing into the subsidy business and volunteering factitious aids to support an industry that cannot stand on its own feet. If New York should build hot-houses enough, she could doubtless grow her own peanuts; but they would be expensive peanuts. We might raise the Star-spangled Banner over the peanut factory; but, after all, it is cheaper to buy our peanuts from those who have facilities for growing them cheaply, than to tax our laborers—for all taxes and all subsidies come out of labor—for the sake of pinchbeck patriotism and paltry pride.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE recent scare over a threatened war between Russia and Austria appears to have been quite without foundation. So far from a collision appearing imminent, the Great Powers now seem agreed in cultivating harmonious relations with each other. M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, has just made a visit to Berlin and held an audience with both the Emperor and Prince Bismarck under circumstances which seem to leave no doubt of Russia's desire to retain the friendship of Germany. The mission of M. de Giers also promises to improve Russia's relations with Austria, and there is nothing improbable in the report that it foreshadows a revival of the alliance between the Emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia. M. de Giers's visit is followed by the equally significant trip of the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir to Hanover, where he joins the German Emperor on a hunting trip. Meanwhile, fresh evidence of Germany's friendly attitude towards England has been afforded by the Emperor presenting the Duke of Connaught with the Order of Frederick the Great, in recognition of his meritorious services in Egypt.

The *status quo* in Egypt is maintained. The Sultan, settled at the independent course of England, has been trying to secure the assistance of Germany in demanding a statement of her purposes, but only to be snubbed by Bismarck, who advised that the Porte remain quiet, as the time was inopportune for raising the question for supporting the claims of Turkey. The trial of Arabi Pasha has again been postponed, and the authorities seem more than ever puzzled how to dispose of the rebel leader. His English counsel assure the public, through the London *Times*, that they will prove that the Porte approved their client's action from first to last, and that he really headed the national movement and was supported by nearly the whole of Egypt. The Queen has personally decorated 370 officers and soldiers who specially distinguished themselves during the recent campaign, accompanying the ceremony, which occurred at Windsor, with a very neat address.

The House of Commons has adopted the last of the procedure rules, and might have disposed of the business but for Lord Randolph Churchill's persistence in offering amendments only to be rejected. The Irish question was brought forward last week, and Mr. Gladstone defended the Arrears of Rent Act, while declaring that the Government did not intend to introduce a Bill to extend the period for payment of the rent of 1881. Mr. Parnell contended that the Act was ambiguous, while Mr. Trevelyan, Chief-Secretary for Ireland, pronounced the measure the greatest benefit Parliament had ever extended an unfortunate class of people, and declared that, up to November 22d, the evictions were only half of those in any previous month during the year. He also promised that the Government would relieve the distress now prevailing along the West Coast. The Conservatives have again renewed their charges about the "Kilmainham Treaty," and Mr. Gladstone has declared most emphatically that there was no negotiation, promise, or engagement regarding the release of Parnell and his associates. Five of the prisoners charged with complicity in the Joyce family massacre have pleaded guilty and been sentenced to death, with the Attorney-general's promise to seek clemency for them.

The French Chamber of Deputies has ratified M. de Brazza's treaty with the Congo Chief, Makoka, and a scientific and commercial commission is to accompany the explorer on his return to Africa. Portugal complains that this movement by France infringes upon her rights on the West African coast, where she has long pretended to the ownership of 1,200 miles of coast under a Papal bull 400 years old. Other European nations also begin to manifest uneasiness at the course of France in this matter.

The Italian Parliament has been opened with a pacific speech from King Humbert, in which he declared the country's relations with foreign powers friendly, and urged the development of agriculture, manufactures, and the railway system.

Great Britain is in serious trouble with her Jamaica subjects. A ship was recently seized

unjustly by the customs officers, and the Colonial Secretary insisted that the colonists should pay half the consequent damages and costs, amounting to £4,192; but the people declare they will never do it, and public sentiment appears almost unanimous against the Government. Neither side wants to back down, and the final outcome is uncertain.

A VIGOROUS struggle will be made in Ohio at the coming legislative session to secure the passage of a Prohibitory Amendment to the State Constitution, or the submission of such an amendment to the people. The temperance organizations are hard at work to that end, and it is difficult to see how the politicians can evade the issue which is thus raised.

THERE was one candidate at the recent elections who is not ashamed to show his expense account, and that is Colonel Theodore C. Lyman, who was put in the field as an Independent, on a Civil Service Reform platform, in the Eighth Massachusetts Congressional District, and elected by a large majority over the regular Republican nominee. The account has been published, and amounts, with all the bills for printing, rent of headquarters, transparency, flag, etc., to \$112.53, or \$57.67 less than was contributed in private voluntary subscriptions. There is a simple eloquence about such figures as these which is more impressive than the longest political sermon.

COMBINATIONS of dealers in articles of food are regarded by the public with a quite justifiable distrust, experience having shown that they almost invariably develop into extortionate monopolies. Such would doubtless have been the upshot of the Fish Exchange which the wholesale dealers in sea-food at Boston and New York recently established, but were soon forced to dissolve because the plucky Down-East skippers refused to have anything to do with it. Fish, like any other commodity, ought to find its own market, without the interference of rings or combinations of any sort, and the rejoicing at the Exchange's downfall among fishermen, who complained that it offered them too low prices when it bought, will be re-echoed by the general public, who suspect that it would have charged them too high rates when it sold.

So many shocking disasters occur in this much-traveling age that people are in some danger of forgetting the fact, long since established, that the risk of death, whether by land or water, is much less than a generation ago. The system of national inspection of steam vessels was established in 1851, in which year 39,000,000 passengers were carried, and 700 lives were lost by reason of accidents to steam boilers and hulls. During the past year the number of passengers transported was over nine times as great, or 354,000,000, and yet the number of lives lost was not one-third so many, the list footing up only 205, which was sixty-three less than in the previous year. It remains true, however, that many disasters occur to steam vessels which are inexcusable, and more careful inspection and supervision should still further reduce the proportion of fatality.

ASTRONOMY is steadily enlarging the field of human knowledge regarding the different bodies in the solar universe, and the influence which they exert upon the atmospheric and electrical conditions of our earth. An important discovery, which may now be accepted as conclusively established, is the fact that great electrical storms, such as that which occurred a fortnight ago, are coincident with the appearance of immense spots on the sun's surface. Exactly what these sun-spots are nobody knows, but astronomers have now made sufficient study of their development and effect to determine their great influence upon our planet, and they should soon be able to predict, from the growth of a large spot on the sun, the probability of a great magnetic storm on the earth. Every such discovery is not only important in itself, but still more so for the promise it affords of still more valuable conclusions in the future.

THE whaling industry suffered a serious shock when petroleum came into general use as an illuminating oil, but it is still an important element in the prosperity of New Bedford, Mass., from which port most of the vessels employed have for many years sailed. The pre-eminence of this ancient seaport is now threatened, however, by the enterprise of San Francisco. The metropolis of the Pacific Coast enjoys a great advantage in locality from its nearness to the Arctic waters, where whalers must now seek their prey, and it has secured a fresh lead this season by the successful application of steam, the pioneer vessel thus equipped having recently returned from a most profitable cruise. The old sailing vessel in pursuit of whales, with which geography pictures have familiarized so many generations of children, seems to be doomed, and its disappearance is another proof of the growing prominence of steam as a motive power.

GOVERNOR-ELECT PATTISON's head has not been turned by his flattering promotion from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and he evidently means to conduct the State Government on the same business-like principles which have distinguished his administration as City Comptroller. His first act after the election was to appoint as his private secretary a Methodist clergyman with an excellent training as a journalist, thus emphasizing his purpose to keep the moral atmosphere of the Executive chamber pure. Even more striking than this was the young Governor's declaration of a military organization's offer to escort him to the capital and participate in his inauguration.

Mr. Pattison says that he has always entertained a profound conviction that a simple and undemonstrative inauguration of public officers was most in accordance with the spirit of republican institutions, and that the solemnity of the taking of the oath of office is marred by the intrusion of needless and inopportune display. He believes that "the sooner we return to simplicity and democratic good sense in these matters the better," and declares his resolute determination that, so far as he can control the matter, his inauguration as Governor shall not cost the people of Pennsylvania one dollar. This is a refreshing doctrine, and its application might well be extended to other States where, although the extravagance and profligacy of public ceremonials have not reached such proportions as at Harrisburg, there is still a loud call for reform.

THE Russian Government has not yet learned that its policy of repression only aggravates the discontent of the educated classes. Recently it established police regulations of peculiar severity in reference to the student class. The students, aggravated by persistent invasions of their personal liberty, have quite generally rebelled, and the University of Kazan has, in consequence, been closed, while at St. Petersburg, where the University students have manifested their discontent by active demonstrations, possibly the same course may be adopted. It goes without saying that the spread of Nihilism will not be checked in the least by these proceedings; on the contrary, the revolutionary spirit will be strengthened, and the dangers of the Government greatly increased. Arrests of persons suspected of Nihilistic tendencies are becoming numerous again, and they are not likely to diminish so long as Count Tolstol persists in the cast-iron policy which he has undertaken to enforce.

REPRESENTATIVE KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, announces his determination to favor, at the coming session of Congress, the abolition of all internal revenue taxes, and adds that if the Republicans should refuse such a policy, he will unhesitatingly vote with the Democrats. The Ways and Means Committee are understood to favor a material reduction in these taxes, but it is doubtful whether a majority will support a total abolition of the system. Some are inclined towards the removal of taxes from everything except tobacco and whisky; others are disposed to make tobacco free and leave the tax on whisky undisturbed, while still others think it would be well, after abolishing all other taxes, to somewhat reduce those on these two articles. That the internal revenue taxes will be reduced, there can scarcely be a doubt, but it is altogether impossible to predict the precise form which the legislation on the subject will assume. The only absolutely certain thing in connection with the matter is that the men who resist the removal of unnecessary burdens will encounter swift and emphatic popular condemnation.

THE serious labor troubles in the great coal, iron and steel industries of last Spring and Summer are scarcely forgotten, before fresh stories of impending difficulties come from many quarters. Another strike has broken out among the coal-miners of Pennsylvania, which is slowly but steadily spreading, until it has already assumed serious proportions. At the same time alarming reports are circulated of the depressed condition of the iron and steel industries, and the intention of many great mills to shut down, and thus throw thousands of workmen out of employment just on the edge of Winter. The fact seems to be that the manufacture of steel rails has been overdone, that prices have fallen below the point at which rails can be profitably sold, and that production must cease for a while. It appears also clear, however, that not a few of the steel-rail manufacturers, as well as many of the iron men, who are also threatening to suspend operations, are engaged in what is popularly known as a "bluff game," seeking by such action to frighten Congress into a belief that any reduction of the tariff would be disastrous to those great industries, and thus defeat the popular demand for tariff reform.

THE Democratic deluge in California appears to be scarcely less complete than that which has swept away all the old landmarks in the Empire State. The majorities on the State ticket are almost unexampled. Some of the results, however, are scarcely matter for congratulation. In San Francisco the successful candidates were almost entirely sixth-rate ward politicians, who are altogether unfit for the new dignities which have been thrust upon them. Even the Judges of the Superior Court were sacrificed to partisan feeling, one of the victorious nominees being a Police Court shyder and a sand-lotter, who won the Irish vote by presiding at meetings in aid of the Land League, and denouncing the British Lion in the language of Dennis Kearny. The Democracy will scarcely be benefited by the accession to power of representatives of the hoodlum element, which has done so much to discredit the city and State. The canvass there, as elsewhere, had its comical side, and the results seem to have been received all around with perfect good humor. One of the victims of the jokers was a candidate for Auditor, who felicitated himself during the campaign that it "would be a cold day when he got left." He was beaten worse than any other man on the ticket, and on the day after election some of his troops of enemies had a big load of ice dumped in front of his residence—"a concrete expression of the fact that the political mercury was below zero" for all braggarts of his ilk. There were a good many other confident candidates through the country at large to whom the same frigid attention would have been strictly appropriate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE starch manufacturers of the West have formed a pool to prevent over-production.

THE Garfield Monument Fair in the Capitol at Washington was formally opened November 25th.

WAGES of slate quarrymen in New York and Vermont are to be cut down twelve and a half per cent.

THERE has been a heavy decline in the prices of petroleum, but the wealthy manipulators hope to force another advance.

THE expenses for the District of Columbia for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1882, amounted in the aggregate to \$3,423,845.

SINCE November 1st, \$19,275,700 worth three-and-half per cent. bonds have been received at the Treasury for conversion into Three per Cent.

THE Commissioners of the District of Columbia have decided not to allow any more telegraph-poles to be erected within the Washington City limits.

THE President has been requested to devote a portion of his message to considering the question of settling all international difficulties by arbitration.

CHIEF-ENGINEER MELVILLE last week completed his testimony before the Jeannette Board of Inquiry. He paid a strong tribute to the worth and fidelity to duty of Captain De Long.

GENERAL CROOK has succeeded in quieting the Indians in Arizona. The male Indians are being numbered and registered, so that in case of a raid those concerned can be easily identified.

THE war among the Granger railroads in the Northwest is growing in bitterness. It now extends to West-bound business rates on some lines, having been reduced more than two thirds.

THE friends of J. C. Bancroft Davis predict his appointment to the vacancy on the Bench of the Court of Claims, and that he will succeed Justice Drake in the event of the latter's retirement.

THE official figures in Connecticut give Thomas M. Waller, Democrat, for Governor, a majority over all of 2,391. General Frank D. Sloat, Republican, is elected Comptroller by a majority of 681.

THREE indictments against polygamists have been found by the United States Grand Jury of the Third Utah District, but the prosecutor has little expectation of being able to convict the offenders.

A GREAT strike is said to be imminent among the 10,000 or 12,000 employees of the boot and shoe factories in Montreal, owing to the employment of non-union men by some of the manufacturers.

THE Alabama Temperance Party has decided not to demand the passage of a prohibitory law by the State Legislature, but to favor an amendment to secure a better enforcement of the existing license laws.

THE National Mutual Benefit Association is preparing a uniform law for presentation to the Legislatures of the several States under which corporations or associations insuring lives upon the assessment plan may transact business.

THE assessment of property in Philadelphia taxable for State purposes has been increased from \$44,000,000 to \$208,000,000. This raises the city's yearly obligation from \$214,000 to \$785,000, an increase of about \$571,000.

THE largest transactions ever crowded into one day in the New York Stock Exchange took place on November 22d, when \$35,000 shares were exchanged in the five hours' session. The actual sales must have been over 1,000,000 shares.

A WELCOME frost has ended the long yellow fever epidemic at Pensacola, Fla. Captain Alfred Hopkins, Commander of the Navy yard, who left the city when the yellow fever came into it, has been dismissed from the service for deserting his post.

COMMISSIONER LORING, in his annual report, estimates the yield of grain in 1882 as follows: Corn, 1,635,000,000 bushels; wheat, 410,000,000 bushels; oats, 470,000,000 bushels; barley, 45,000,000 bushels; rye, 20,000,000 bushels; buckwheat, 12,000,000 bushels.

MELIUS, the brakeman on the Chicago express train at the time of the Spuyten Duyvil disaster nearly a year ago, was tried on the charge of manslaughter in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, last week, and was acquitted, notwithstanding Judge Davis's charge, which was against the prisoner.

THE second annual session of the National Trades Congress was held at Cleveland, Ohio, last week. Resolutions were adopted urging upon the Legislatures of all the States the passage of laws making employers liable for accidents to persons while in their employ. The protective tariff plank was struck from the platform of principles by a practically unanimous vote.

THE Mississippi River Improvement Investigating Committee last week visited New Orleans, and after receiving testimony, inspected the Eads's jetty. It is said that there is an overwhelming amount of testimony different from what has been so far given. The committee will report adversely to the Mississippi River Commission's present plans and estimates for appropriations with which to continue the work along the river.

Foreign.

ELECTRIC lights have been largely introduced into the prominent establishments in Japan.

THE final meeting of the Home Rule League was held last week, and the Association was dissolved.

MR. DILLON will soon resign his seat in the House of Commons, after which he will come to America.

THIEVES broke into the Cathedral of St. Dennis last week, and stole relics and treasures valued at 100,000 francs.

THE revenue of the Russian Empire from February 1st to September 1st increased 44,000,000 rubles, and the expenditure decreased 26,000,000 rubles, as compared with same period last year.

THE Chinese troops are to be immediately withdrawn from Corea. The neighborhood of Canton is in a disturbed state, owing to the alleged inefficiency of the new Viceroy, and the former hostility to missionaries is revived.

A BILL has been adopted in the French Chamber prolonging the powers of the Commission appointed to settle the compensation to French and American citizens during the American civil war and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

THE Kurdish Sheikh Obaidullah, while traveling to Mosul under an escort of Turkish soldiers to be interned there, was rescued by his son and a party of Kurds, who captured the entire escort and took Obaidullah to Kourama, a mountain stronghold, which the Turks are now besieging.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 231.



GREAT BRITAIN.—PROFESSOR EDWARD HENRY PALMER, MURDERED BY ARABS.



HUNGARY.—UNVEILING THE PETOFI MONUMENT AT BUDA-PESTH, OCT. 15TH.



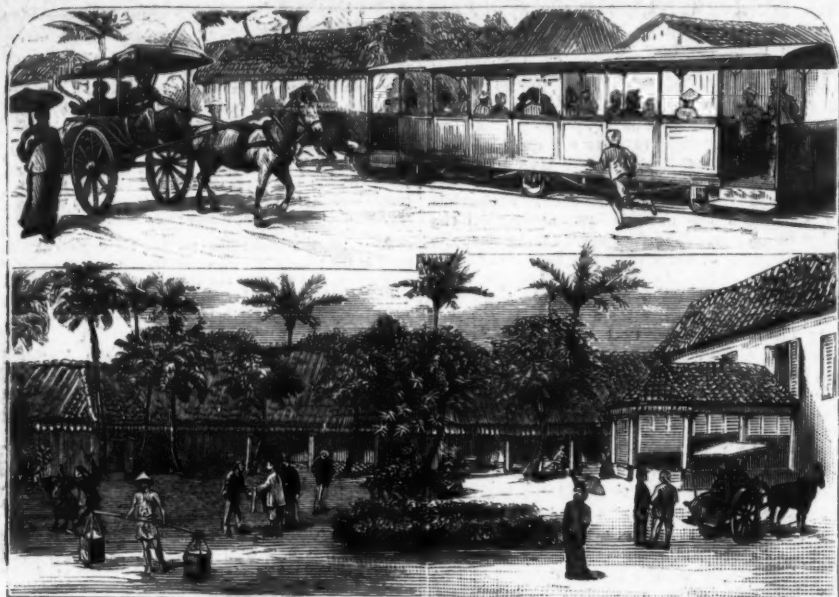
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, MR. ALDERMAN KNIGHT.



FRANCE.—THE MINING TROUBLES IN MONTCÉAUX-LES-MINES.



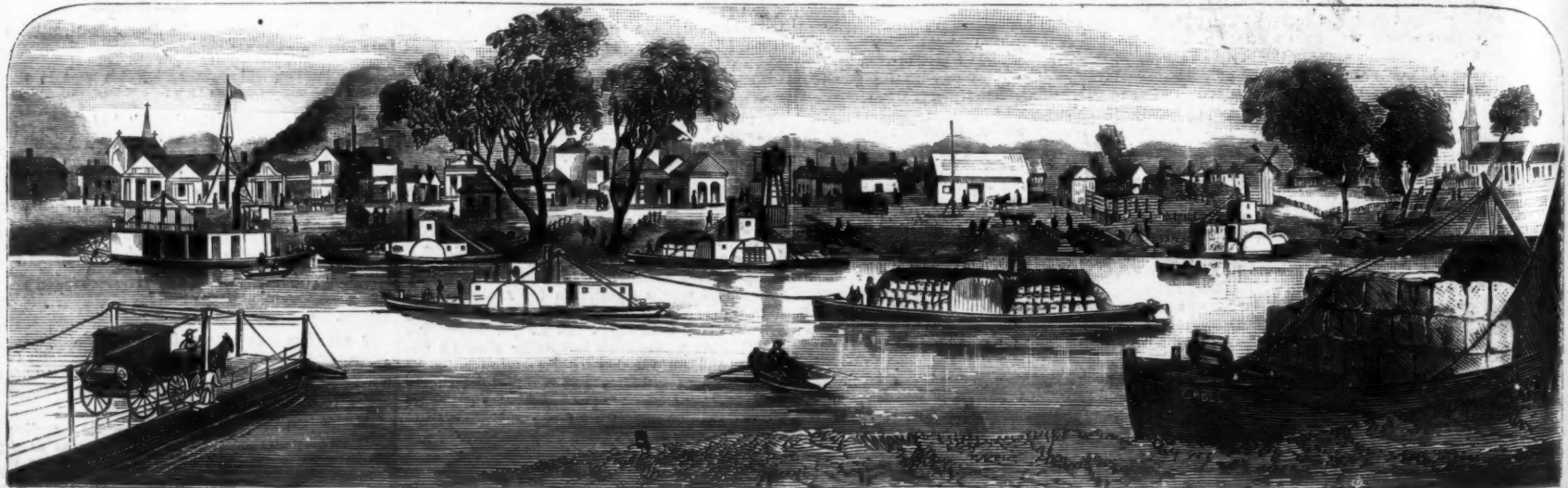
EGYPT.—THE WELLS OF MOSES, NEAR SUEZ.



ISLAND OF JAVA.—SCENES IN BATAVIA: 1. TRAM-CAR AND PASSENGER-CART. 2. HOTEL COURTYARD.



BELGIUM.—POPULAR GAMES IN BRUSSELS: THE WHEELBARROW FROG-RACE.



AUSTRALIA.—THE TOWN OF WENTWORTH, NEW SOUTH WALES, A CENTRE OF THE WOOL TRADE.



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND JANET'S HUSBAND, ENTERING, TOOK THE AGED WOMAN IN HIS ARMS."

THANKSGIVING AT NORRIS FARM.

By ELLA WHEELER.



It was the day before Thanksgiving, but there were no preparations for feast or revel at Norris Farm.

The old red house stood grim and silent in the midst of gaunt trees that had dropped their leaves like tears since the trouble had fallen upon Norris Place. For during the last few months matters had grown from bad to worse, and the poor harvest had proven beyond a doubt or a hope that the old farm must go.

It had been under a mortgage these five years, and old Squire Winters had been obliged to sell the mortgage to raise money to pay the bills his long and lingering illness during the last year had accumulated.

"I was sorry to have to do it, Neighbor Norris," he said, when he came over, the week before Thanksgiving, to tell the unwelcome fact. "The mortgage would never have been foreclosed by me, as you know. I'd have given you time to pay it up if it had been twenty years. But my sickness just sapped me—took all my ready money; besides, hired help let the place run down and ruined all my machinery. Then that man came from the city buying up mortgages, and the money he offered for the one I held on your

place would save my home for me and my old woman. I told the man to go easy with you, but I can't swear that he will."

And Neighbor Norris and his wife and their "help," Janet Dyer, listening, knew just what this meant.

It meant the foreclosure of the mortgage the day after Thanksgiving.

"Shall I make any pies to-day?"

It was Janet Dyer who asked the question this morning before Thanksgiving, after the scant breakfast had been put away, almost untouched.

Mrs. Norris shook her gray head, that had seemed to whiten strangely during the last week.

"No, Janet," she said; "let us have no semblance of Thanksgiving this year—it would be a mockery and a lie. There is no thanksgiving in any of our hearts—how can there be? Let the house be as dark and as cheerless as our hearts!"

"While there is life there is hope," answered Janet Dyer, softly, and the soft voice in which she spoke seemed strangely at variance with her muscular form and large, handsome, but almost masculine, features.

"Hope?" repeated Mrs. Norris, with an accent of scorn. "Hope, did you say, Janet Dyer? No, there is no hope for us! Haven't I prayed night and day for five years that my boy might come back to us, reformed and repentant, to bless our old age? Haven't I wearied heaven with my importunities? Have not I worked like a slave to save our home? And yet a curse has seemed to follow us at every step. Everything has gone from bad to worse, and now the house and farm is to go, and we are to be paupers in our old age. Don't talk to me of hope, Janet Dyer. I have lost faith in God and man!"

"You'll never be paupers while Janet Dyer has these two arms to work with!" answered the girl, baring her strong arms with cords of muscles that would have shamed many a youth. The old lady smiled grimly.

"That will do to talk," she said. "But I know the world, Janet Dyer. You are young, and handsome in your way. You have a woman's heart, which is a soft thing always till it grows bitter and hard with the iron of fate, as mine has. You are human, and that means selfish. You think you will cling to us, but by-and-by some man will say a few sweet words in your ear, and you will forget all your promised allegiance to us. You will want a home and a husband and children by yourself, and you will say, Why should I sacrifice my youth and my happiness to these old people? They are nothing to me. Ah, I know the world, Janet Dyer."

A curious look came over Janet Dyer's face.

"Have I shown any weakness towards lovers during the three years I have been with you?" she asked, in her soft voice. "Did I not give Herman Hein a slap across the mouth, when he came with his love-words, that he will never forget to his dying day? And did I not send Sandy Green away with a piece of my mind? I want no lovers!"

"Ah, no, not till the right one comes. Then I know how it will be," answered the old lady, nodding her head.

But Janet did not reply to her. She went towards the cornfield, a basket slung over her shoulder, and as she went she smiled softly, and said, under her breath: "When the right one comes. Ah, yes, I know how it will be then. But how much longer—oh, Lord, how much longer," and the dark eyes she lifted to the gray November skies were wet with tears, yet brave with hope.

Ah, Janet! already was your woman's heart crying out for its own; in spite of your bold words you were longing for freedom. So Mrs. Norris would have said had she heard Janet's low cry. But it was heard only by the angels, unless the ears of corn were listening, which Janet proceeded to sever from their withered husks and fling into the basket which she had brought for that purpose. She filled the basket with surprising swiftness, then lifted it on her strong shoulders and carried it to a wagon standing at some little distance, half filled with golden ears.

"If the season had been warm and dry instead of cold and wet, a dozen wagon-loads of ears would have left this field instead of one," mused Janet. "And that, together with the price the horses will bring, and the machinery, would have kept us through the

Winter, or until I could find work to do. But as it is—Janet finished her sentence with a long sigh. Then she lifted her eyes skyward again. "God will not let us suffer—I know it," she said, and fell to her work with renewed zeal, and worked until the dull glare of light that shone through the gray clouds above her told her that the sun was nearing the zenith. Then she shouldered her basket and went back to the farmhouse to prepare dinner. She had been at Norris Farm these three years, acting in every capacity—from nurse to domestic indoors, and man-of-all-work without. She, a stranger, had one day knocked at the door, saying that she had heard there was sickness in the house, and that she had been nurse in a hospital, and was wanting a situation, and would be willing to give her labor for her board until she could find a better place and better pay.

Mrs. Norris had taken her in without any parley, though some of the neighbors who were in the house at the time had warned her against such a risky act.

"Men tramps are bad enough," they said, "but women are worse. Better find out who this girl is before you take her in."

"I can't wait to try her before a court and judge," answered Mrs. Norris. "My husband lies in yonder room, crippled by a fall from a load of hay. My daughter is in another room, dying of quick consumption, as you all know. I am worn out with watching and with care, and the neighbors can't take care of us for ever. I've sent word far and near for help, and now help has come. I shall not stop to question her. I like her face and will trust her till I'm obliged to distrust her."

But that time had never come, and now Janet Dyer had been with Mrs. Norris three years. It was she who had closed the eyes of sweet Hattie Norris and robbed her for the grave. And it was she who waited upon Mr. Norris, and bore with all his petulance and impatience during the year that he had been confined to his room, and at the same time she had done a man's work in the field. And for all this she had refused to take one cent in money.

"I have a good home here," she said, "and enough to eat and drink and wear. It's the first time I ever had a home. I was a charity-child, and brought up in a hospital until I was big enough to work out. I always earned good wages, but I never had a home. And I've always pined for the country. At last I started out to find a place to work where I could breathe pure air and get away from the smoke and the roar, and away from the vice and the sin, too, that maybe was the undoing of my mother, whoever she was. I've always had a grudge against the city on her account. I came into this neighborhood and heard about the sickness at the Norris Farm, and all the world o' trouble that had come upon its owners. And I said to myself, that's the place for me. So I came, as you know. And I've been happier here than I ever was before, and I don't want to go away. You and Mr. Norris are like father and mother to me—the only ones I've ever known. And I don't want any money for all I do."

And so she had staid. It was acknowledged by all, far and wide, that it was owing to Janet Dyer's excellent nursing rather than to medical skill, that Mr. Norris had regained the use of his limbs. But he was not able to do farmwork, and never would be again, and his mind seemed shaken a little—its old vigor and strength gone for ever. Janet was head and hands both at Norris Farm.

And yet the neighborhood never quite forgave her for the mystery surrounding her coming to Norris Farm; for Janet had not taken pains to make the explanation to her neighbors which she had made to Mrs. Norris. And people find it hard to forgive an act they cannot understand.

"She has her eye on the property," suggested one. "Thinks she'll be the heir, now the girl is dead and the boy disinherited."

"Oh, yes, she's an ax to grind or she'd never stay on slavin' as she does," replied another. "But the property's all under mortgage, and even if that's paid up, and it's all deeded to her, that boy'll come back yet and make her trouble."

"Heard he was killed in a saloon fight—over a gaming table or somethin' years ago."

"Report never was confirmed. He's sure to turn up, like a bad penny."

The "boy" referred to was the only son—now the only child—of the Norrises. He had been a wild youth, and his father had been a severe judge of his youthful follies. The tighter the reins had been drawn the faster he had gone, like an unruly colt—till, finally, he had disgraced the family by contracting debts in the name of his father. Norris Farm had to be mortgaged to lift these debts, and, with a curse, Ansley Norris was banished from his father's roof, and forbidden ever to return.

He had gone, and a year later the report had come of his death in a gambling-house in a neighboring city. And one disaster after another had befallen Norris Farm, and things had gone from bad to worse, even as its mistress had said, since then.

The only daughter had sickened and died—died of heart-break over her brother's fate, though it took the form of quick consumption. Then Mr. Norris had been thrown from a load of hay and left half a wreck, mentally and physically, and harvests had been poor, and debts had increased rather than diminished; and now the crisis was at hand.

Mrs. Norris had borne up under all this with silent, tearless courage, "wearying heaven with her prayers," as she had told Janet Dyer.

But her hair had bleached from brown to gray, and many a furrow had been plowed in her still handsome cheek. And all the softness and hope and tenderness and trust that renders woman beautiful had seemed stricken from her nature by the cruel hand of fate, leaving only bitterness and hate for man and God, and a dogged defiance of the future.

"One thing is sure, Janet Dyer," she said, as they prepared the simple meal, "we have reached the bottom of the ladder now. Nothing more can befall us till you leave us, and I am so used to thinking of that event that it will not hurt or pain me when you go. It will be but a part of the whole—simply the last drop in a cup all bitter."

"Let us not quite despair," replied Janet. "Something better may come."

"Do not talk to me of anything better to come, Janet Dyer," cried the old lady, with sullen anger. "What can come—with my girl dead in her grave, my husband a poor broken wreck, mentally and physically; my son dead, or worse than dead; and my home under the hammer? I tell you nothing can come now but the poorhouse and the grave, and the sooner the latter comes the better."

Thanksgiving morning broke bright and beautiful. Nature seemed to be in a smiling—which with her is always a devotional—mood. For the first time in more than a week the sun burst through the gray November clouds, and shone with dazzling brilliancy, touching up the traces of late glory in the forests and borrowing a smile from the late Indian Summer with which to return thanks to the Creator of all.

In all the surrounding farmhouses, even to the hut of Tom Kelly, the section hand, which was spilling over with children of all sizes, there were some preparations for a feast of thanksgiving and a holiday from labor. Loads of laughing people rode by, going to the homes of friends or relatives to celebrate the day.

But amidst all the merry makings, Norris house stood grim and silent.

Scarcely a word was spoken during the early morning hours, and Mrs. Norris went about her household duties with a sterner and more defiant expression than usual upon her face—an expression which seemed to say:

"If any Power expects me to be grateful to-day for the misfortunes which have fallen so thickly on my past, it will be disappointed."

Mr. Norris was just leading out his horses to water, and Janet was in the stable getting out hay, when a stranger approached—a tall, bearded man, who lifted his hat politely as he accosted Mr. Norris:

"This is Mr. Norris, I believe?"

Mr. Norris lifted his mild blue eyes, into which an expression of almost childish innocence and meekness had crept with his long and cruel sufferings, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, sir, I am informed that your horses are for sale. I suppose this is the span. I am wanting to buy, and as I was passing near here this morning I took the liberty of calling, although I knew it was Thanksgiving Day, to see if we could agree on terms. What is the price you have set on your span?"

Mr. Norris drew his hand across his brow. "I cannot remember," he said, "though Janet and I were talking it over this very morning. But everything slips from my mind so since my fall. Janet will know; you just step inside the barn, sir, and you'll find her. Ho, Janet! here's a customer for the horses." He led the horses on towards the watering-trough, and the stranger stepped inside the barn, and at the same time spoke the name he had heard Mr. Norris speak, but in a different tone: "Janet!"

It was a voice that brought Janet from the hay-loft, with wide glad eyes and crimson cheeks, and a palpitating heart. And no sooner did she catch sight of the stranger than she flew to him crying: "Oh, my love, my love!" and flung herself upon his bosom in a passion of tears.

But five minutes later when Mr. Norris returned, leading the horses to their stalls, he found the two in quiet conversation in a distant part of the stable. A little later he went into the house and left them still talking, so confident that it would all be managed right if he left it to Janet. And it tired him so to think.

After a time Janet came to the house. She went to the kitchen where she found Mrs. Norris, who looked up at her with an expression of surprise in her brooding eyes.

"Why, what has happened to you, Janet, that your cheeks are all aglow? Have you sold the team for a fortune?"

"Ay," laughed Janet, and then drawing nearer, she said: "Mrs. Norris, a man has come to buy the team and pay the mortgage on the farm, and, oh, Mrs. Norris, forgive me for deceiving you all these years, but I am a married woman, and this man who has come is my husband, and he has money to pay up all the debts and make us all a home while we shall live. Did I not tell you that something might happen?"

But Mrs. Norris drew back, the dark cloud upon her face growing darker.

"So," she said, slowly, "this accounts for all your seeming kindness, Janet Dyer! You have been scheming all these years to get the house and farm in your own hands, to be mistress here, and now it's done, and you pretend to want us to remain—paupers—charity objects under your roof! Never, Janet Dyer! my husband and I will starve in the street first. You would soon tire of us, you and your husband, whoever he may be. We will go at once and leave you in full possession of your home. Ah, the world is all alike, selfish—selfish to the core. I knew some selfish purpose lurked under all your seeming kindness. I knew it because you were human. No, no, we'll not tax your hospitality longer, Janet Dyer!"

But just then the door opened and Janet's husband entered, and sprang past her, and took the aged woman in his arms, saying, very gently as he clasped her to his breast:

"But, supposing Janet's husband was your lost boy, Ansley, mother, who had come back to make your old age blest, would you not dwell under his roof?" But he spoke to senseless ears for Mrs. Norris, with one glad cry of "Ansley, my boy, my boy!" had swooned away to unconsciousness.

After she recovered, there was a glad day of Thanksgiving at Norris House. And there was a long story to tell how it had all happened.

Ansley had been shot in a gaming-room, and had been taken to a hospital for treatment.

Janet was one of the nurses there, and they had loved each other at sight.

So soon as Ansley was convalescent, he had told her his story, had asked her to marry him, and, as soon as the ceremony was performed, he had started for the mines of Colorado. But, first, he had made Janet promise that she would go into the neighborhood where his parents resided, and remain somewhere in their vicinity until his return.

"I want you to be near them to keep guard over their old age," he said, "and, besides, I do not want to leave you in the city. I shall feel far safer concerning them and you both, and I shall not come back till I can bring money to pay up all past follies, and make a home for you and them, Janet."

Janet had gone as he directed, and the very day of her arrival in the neighborhood had learned of the misfortunes which had befallen the Norris family. With fear and trembling, she had presented herself at the door, with what result we know.

Years seemed to fall from Mrs. Norris's face during that Thanksgiving Day, which restored her lost faith in God and man, even as it restored the long-lost son. And something of the lost spirit and vigor seemed to return to Mr. Norris, for a time at least, and Janet was radiant, and she set about preparing a feast fit for kings. For Ansley Norris had come home with pockets full of gold and silver from the mines of Colorado. And so, after all, there was a glad and happy Thanksgiving Day at Norris Farm, and no one sent up a more earnest cry of gratitude and praise than the softened heart of Mrs. Norris, as she clung to Janet and whispered:

"It is never wise to lose faith in God, dear. You were right in clinging to his hand through the darkness of the night, which has been shattered by the glory of this beautiful morning. And all my life shall be one long day of Thanksgiving henceforth."

GRACE AT THANKSGIVING.

THE aged grandfather reverently bows his head as he says grace. On his left is his daughter, a comely matron; on his right, his son-in-law; and all around the table the olive branches—the loved, and petted, and caressed, and almost spoiled grandchildren. In front of him, in richest brownness, lies the Thanksgiving turkey, a plump, well-conditioned bird, cooked with a pride that the cook alone knows how to reveal in. The round eyes of the youngsters are open to their full width as they gaze at the smoking fowl, so rich in promise. One has bespoken a leg, another a wing, a third a bit of the gizzard, and all lay up their claims to the wishing-bone. The turkey was weighed under their careful and scrutinizing inspection. Strangers have been invited to gaze at him in the frigid regions of the ice-box. His cooking has been zealously superintended, and now comes the supreme moment when grandpapa plunges the knife into the white breast, the brown skin cracking beneath the steel. This is a home-picture, and one that many thousand homes in this dear land of ours will frame to-morrow.

IDENTIFYING THIEVES AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

TO the disciples of Lavater there is no happier hunting-ground than that inclosed by the grim walls of our Police Courts. Here the vicious heart is not worn upon the sleeve, but in the face, and these unerring indices to the mind tell of the evil passions that have acted as counselors, and whose counsel has been unhappily listened to and acted upon. The striking contrast afforded when some fair, and good, and gentle woman of "high degree" is brought face to face with "suspects" is vivid in the extreme—so vivid as to become absolutely startling. The lady has been robbed, and she is called upon to identify the thief. Her conscience redoubles her scruples; her desire to bring the evil doers to justice sharpens her faculties. Several suspects are paraded before her. The movement is psychological. Each member of the unsavory gang assumes an air of defiance, *nonchalant*, or injured innocence. Their expressions are studied, their pose equally interesting. The lady peers into their rascally or dissipated faces, the officers standing grimly by ready to act upon the words of import—"That's the man!"

COLOSSAL STATUARY.

THE largest group of statuary ever executed in Philadelphia has recently been completed at the marble works of Wm. Struthers & Son, for erection on the centre of the Ninth Street front of the new United States Court House and Post-Office Building in that city. The group, which is cut in light granite, and was modeled by Mr. French, a rising sculptor, who is best known by his figure of the Minute Man at Concord, consists of three colossal figures, typical of the supremacy of Law. The central figure, a female of heroic type, clad in a coat of mail, with boldly flowing draperies, raises her bare arms above her head, holding aloft the tablet of the law. It is a figure of great dignity, admirably modeled. She is supported by two sitting figures, of Peace and War—the former represented by a female of some classic type, with a cornucopia and a sheaf of grain, and the latter by an armed man. The central figure is sixteen feet in height from the feet to the upraised hands. The group is well-balanced, and will present an imposing effect. A somewhat similar group, by the same sculptor, has lately been completed by Struthers & Son for the new Post-Office at St. Louis.

SALVATION ARMY METHODS.

THE remarkable organization of revivalists known as the Salvation Army continues its operations with great success in England, where the movement has its rise, and several detachments are at work in various places in this country. The methods employed by these singular crusaders are very peculiar. The organization is formed upon the army model, with a general commanding and subordinate officers of various grades, and a sort of travesty of military discipline is maintained. The leader of each band exercises supreme authority over the other members, and any attempt at insubordination is sharply rebuked. In further imitation of their army model, the Salvationists style the building where they hold their

services "barracks," and the service is full of references to army methods. The group of workers who have arranged to hold a meeting take their place upon a platform, and enter into the services with a fervor both of mind and body, loud shouts by the leader mingling with the prayers and exhortations poured forth. As the time goes on the excitement increases, and soon one and another of the hearers yields to the spirit of the occasion, sometimes crying aloud to know what they shall do to be saved, and not infrequently, especially in the cases of women, falling upon the floor and rolling back and forth in a sort of frenzy. When the excitement is at its height a spectator who should suddenly enter the "barracks" might well be excused if he should fancy that he had by mistake strayed into a lunatic asylum, so weird the scene, as the captain and other members of the army loudly pray and sing, and the converts no less vociferously respond. Not the least curious among the remarkable features of the occasion is the array of trophies depending from a cord hung across the back of the stage, which consists of a remarkable collection of feathers, earrings and sundry other articles of adornment which have been surrendered by converts when they renounced the world.

A few days ago a detachment of the army, consisting of twelve men and fifteen women, took up their position on the City Hall steps, in New York city. Some of the women were scarcely more than sixteen years of age, and all of them carried tambourines. Their hats were uniform and trimmed with red ribbon, inscribed: "Salvation Army—Blood and Fire," while the men wore helmets and badges. Two of them carried large American flags bearing the Salvation Army device. Having arranged themselves in a double row at the top of the steps, the men in front, they sang a hymn beginning: "We mean to fight for Jesus," the women beating their tambourines and the men sawing the air vigorously with their hands. A crowd of about a thousand persons gathered in the Park. Short prayers and some testimony as to the saving powers of the army followed, interspersed at every few minutes by singing and tambourine-beating. Meanwhile three "hallelujah masses" mixed with the crowd and offered for sale the "war" rye. The saving efficacy of these peculiar methods may well be doubted.

LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCES.

AT a recent meeting of the Board on Life-Saving Apparatus, held in this city, a large number of appliances for saving life in case of shipwreck were presented for consideration. The most important of the models exhibited was that of Mitchell's life-saving car, which consists of a boat of canvas in a frame of iron. The bottom of this car is of double, and the top of single, canvas, and an opening at the top admits the passengers. It is claimed by the inventor that this car will ride the surf and land safely on any beach.

Among the recommendations agreed upon by the Board is the adoption of a uniform for the men in the life saving service. At present they have no uniform. The new uniform is to consist of a storm hat of tarpaulin, in shape like a fireman's hat, black, with a white shield in front, on which will be U. S. L. S. in red letters; a dress cap of blue cloth with white letters on the front, a blue flannel shirt with white letters on the breast, a dress coat of blue cloth with bands on the sleeves to indicate rank, and blue trousers. The advantages of a uniform were clearly set forth by Captain J. O. Patterson. With no distinctive uniform, Captain Patterson said, the men were often taken for wreckers and insulted by the sailors whose lives they were endeavoring to save. Cases were known in which pistols had been drawn on the men by foreigners who could not speak the English language.

HON. JOSIAH W. BEGOLE.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.

MICHIGAN is another Republican State which, like Massachusetts in the East and Kansas in the West, surprised the country by choosing a Democratic Governor at the recent election. Josiah W. Begole, who thus becomes the Chief Executive of this thriving commonwealth, is one of the pioneer citizens, and has always been a prominent figure in the State. Born in Livingston County, N. Y., January 20th, 1815, of parents who were French by descent, and the eldest son in a family of ten children, his education was gained in the district school and the Genesee Academy, and soon after reaching his majority, he struck out for himself in what was then the Far West. Emigrating to Genesee County, in what at that time was the Territory of Michigan, he settled in what is now the City of Flint, but was then an almost unbroken wilderness. He aided in building many of the first houses erected in the village, and during the Winter of 1837 and 1838 he taught school. In the Spring of 1839 he married Miss Harriet A. Miles, and commenced work on a new and improved farm, where by his energy and perseverance he soon wrought out a good home. From that time on, his success was steady, and at the end of eighteen years, he had a farm of five hundred acres well improved. After having faithfully served his townsmen in various capacities, he was, in 1856, elected County Treasurer, and held the office for eight years. An anti-slavery man, he joined the Republican Party upon its organization, and he participated in the Convention which nominated Grant for a second term; but, becoming dissatisfied with the drift of affairs in the party during the next four years, he gradually fell out of sympathy with his old colleagues and became a Greenbacker. Before this, it should be said, he had been chosen a member of the State Senate, and, later, a representative in the Forty-third Congress, in both which bodies he made an excellent record, devoting especial attention to the interests of agriculture. Since his Congressional term expired in 1875, Mr. Begole has not held office, but when the recent canvass in Michigan opened, the Democratic and Greenback opponents of the Republican Party resolved to combine upon him as their candidate for Governor, and the election vindicated the wisdom of their resolution. The Governor-elect is emphatically a man of the people, and particularly endeared himself to his fellow-citizens during the great calamity which desolated Northern Michigan in 1881. While the Port Huron and Detroit Committees were quarreling over the distribution of funds, Mr. Begole wrote to an agent in the "Burnt District" a letter, the pith of which is found in the following extract: "Until the differences between the two committees are adjusted, and you receive your regular supplies from them, draw on me. Let no one suffer while I have money."

The Government Finances.

THE Comptroller of the Currency, in his annual report, says that on November 1st the national banks held for circulation and public deposits \$306,528,400 of United States bonds, or \$30,000,000 less than a year ago. State banks in twenty-one States hold \$8,736,172 bonds, trust companies in five States hold \$16,354,812, and savings banks in fifteen States hold \$237,786,442, a total of \$426,469,426. During the year the holdings of State banks have decreased about \$2,000,000, while the investments by savings banks have increased nearly \$27,000,000. The amount held by geographical divisions, by State and savings banks and trust companies, is as follows: Middle States, \$197,135,239; Eastern States, \$42,667,248; Pacific States, \$20,020,175; Western

States, \$9,369,414; and Southern States, \$268,350. As accurately as can be learned national, State, and savings banks and trust companies hold \$676,639,337 bonds, or nearly one-half of the \$1,418,080,250 interest-bearing obligations of the United States.

During the year ending November 1st, 1882, the mines of the United States produced \$43,359,021 gold; the excess of exports of specie over the imports was \$36,122,536. The difference between the two, \$7,236,485, is the actual increase of specie for the year. The Director of the Mint estimates that \$2,700,000 of this has been used in the arts, leaving the increase in gold circulation \$4,536,485, since the resumption of specie payments, January 1st, 1879, to November 1st, 1882, the excess of the imports of specie over the exports has been \$161,311,378, and the total gold product of the United States has been about \$147,609,021. There was in circulation November 1st, gold coin, \$567,105,456; silver coin, \$210,324,355; legal tender notes, \$346,681,016, and national bank notes, \$369,727,747—making a total of \$1,493,838,574. The increase of \$33,206,992 upon the circulation of the previous year was \$4,536,485 gold, \$26,280,970 silver, and \$2,389,497 national bank notes. The banks and the Treasury hold \$552,447,473, leaving \$936,391,061 of the circulation in the hands of the people. The increase in gold, silver and paper currency outside of the Treasury since resumption is estimated at \$269,964,414.

The Register of the Treasury reports the receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1882, to have been \$403,000,000, and the expenditures, exclusive of redemption of the public debt, \$258,000,000. The total tonnage of the country having documents outstanding at the close of the fiscal year was 4,165,333 tons in 24,368 vessels. The number of vessels built during the year was 1,371, having a tonnage of 282,270 tons.

A Gunpowder Engine.

AN engine propelled by gunpowder has been patented in Germany by Herr Beck. A piston is forced to and fro in a horizontal cylinder by small quantities of powder ignited on either side alternately. Powder-chambers are provided on the bottom within, on which, as the proper moment, powder falls through passages from two holders, which rest on distribution-slides. The igniting of the powder is effected by means of spirit or gas flame from the cylinder cover, drawn in through an oblique aperture by the suction force of the piston. The access is regulated by slides. The gases of explosion are expelled through holes furnished with slides on return of the piston. The heavy residues are pushed by the piston into bags, which are emptied at intervals. It is claimed for the new motor that, with small occupied space, it is very effective, and easily set at work. The consumption of powder is comparatively small, and the engine regulates itself. The danger is represented as slight.

The Prince Imperial's Love Story.

MRS. LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, in a recent Paris letter to the Philadelphia Telegraph, says that she has been told by an English lady a romantic and melancholy story relative to the death of the Prince Imperial. She said that the luckless youth had fallen passionately in love with a young English girl of surpassing beauty, the daughter of a London tradesman. His love was returned, but the girl was virtuous as she was fair, and the Empress greatly feared that her son would do what he threatened, namely, bestow his hand on this low-born maiden. When his mother remonstrated with him, he turned upon her with some home truths respecting the Montijo family and the difference in rank between herself and his father. And so the Empress planned for him that fatal expedition with the English army which ended in so tragic a fashion. Among the articles taken from the poor boy's dead body, and brought to his mother, was a picture in a small morocco-case which was stained with his own life blood. It was the portrait of the girl that he had loved.

Egg-eating Chinamen.

THE Chinamen who live in Philadelphia and adjoining cities have developed an enormous appetite for eggs, and the old idea that the average almond-eyed laundryman from the Celestial Empire lives on sixteen grains of rice per day, assisted down their throats with little sticks, must be abandoned, at least so far as those who live there are concerned. It is only when eggs are sky high that the Celestials resort to the diet of Hong Kong and Peking. The Philadelphia Chinaman sucks the "white," and uses the yolk as a desert. It is a difficult matter to find out why the Celestials have taken to a poultry diet in preference to any other; but it is a fact that they are great egg-eaters, and the grocers say that a colony of ten Chinamen frequently buy eighty eggs per day, and often live on nothing else for weeks. An Lee, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, and his assistant in the laundry business in West Chester, have been known to eat 240 eggs in a week, an average of seventeen a day. The Chinamen say that eggs at fifteen to twenty cents a dozen are cheaper than anything else they can buy, and almost as cheap as rice.

An Electric Steamboat.

PROFESSOR S. F. THOMPSON reports to the London Times another application of electricity as a motor. The Electrical Power Storage Company has successfully tried on the Thames a launch twenty-six feet in length, five feet beam, and drawing two feet of water, with a twenty-two inch screw-propeller, driven solely by electricity, stored under the flooring. The force was contained in forty-five boxes, each of ten inch cube, which, it was calculated, would last for four hours. The vessel was driven easily and silently against tide, at the rate of eight miles an hour. The boat was in all respects a complete success, and is the first ever launched on "a commercial scale," though M. Trouvé ran a toy-boat two years ago on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Nothing is said about expense, but a boat which can travel at this speed without coal and with no funnel must for many purposes be of almost immediate use. As the charging machines can be put up anywhere, the practical problem of electricians must be to reduce the size and weight of the accumulators. Once small enough to be carried, they might drive a steamer across the Atlantic, being perpetually recharged by a dynamo driven by the motion itself.

Wordsworth's Grave.

THE grave of William Wordsworth, in the church-yard of Grasmere, England, "between a yew-tree of his own planting and an aged thorn," is in a deplorable state of neglect. A writer for an English paper, called the Builder, recently visited the grave, and the following is his report of what he discovered: "We saw a path among the grave mounds, about one foot in width, and followed it, and it led to a dirty dark corner, where several blue-black headstones of slate stood. Could this be the resting place of nature's tender lover? It was; and we felt a chill come over us. The day was beautiful; the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, but everything round the spot we had come to seek seemed decayed and withered, like a grave in the centre of a

dirty, smoky town, not in beautiful Grasmere. No green grass was there—all was dull, dank and depressing. The poet's corner must be badly drained, for we could scarcely get near enough to read the inscription, in consequence of an accumulation of water that formed a trench at least an inch deep at the base of the stone curb that held the rails surrounding the grave."

Indian Summer.

WHAT we call "Indian Summer" is known in Germany as the "Old Men's Summer;" "St. Martin's Summer" in France; in other places, the "After Heat" and "Red Leaf." The Indians call it their "Fall Summer." At the first steady cold the early colonist thought Winter had come, but the Indians replied: "No, there will be Summer yet." When this warm season appeared, Carver and Standish said to each other: "Lo, here is our Indian Summer!" The Boston Transcript quotes Longfellow's description of it in "Evangeline":

"Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer
Of all saints;
Filled with the air with a dreamy and magical light,
And the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Palmer Expedition.

Professor Edward Henry Palmer, who perished while engaged in the public service in Egypt, was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in that University, and one of the greatest masters of Oriental languages and literature of the present age. Born in Cambridge in 1840, he early evinced a marked aptitude for the study of languages, and under the guidance of a native professor soon attained a wonderful proficiency in the Eastern tongues. Having entered St. John's College, he took the degree of B. A. in 1867, and was elected to a Fellowship in the same year; in 1870 he proceeded to the degree of M. A., and was appointed in November, 1871, by the late Dean of Windsor, to the Professorship of Arabic. He accompanied the Suez Survey Expedition in 1868-9 to investigate the nomenclature, traditions and antiquities of Arabia Petraea, and in the following year explored the Desert of El Thi and Moab, in company with the late Mr. G. F. Tyndal Drake. He was the author of many works of great value to scholars. In August last, at the crisis of the Egyptian war, he ventured, with two British officers, to travel on the public service into Arabia Petraea, or that part of the Desert between Africa and Asia which lies eastward of Suez, across the upper region of the Sinaitic Peninsula. The party had with them ten camels, a certain number of Arab followers, and £3,000 in gold. There was a certain Sheikh Meter with the party, who declared that he apprehended a raid by Arabs of another tribe. He persuaded the three English gentlemen to go with him on fast-riding camels and to leave the baggage in the encampment. An attack on the camp took place, the boxes were rifled, and everything of value was taken, the camels that remained being driven off. An expedition sent out in search of the explorers subsequently discovered the bodies of Professor Palmer's companions, but no trace of his remains had been found up to the date of the last report.

The Petofi Monument in Buda-Pesth.

The 15th of October was a fête day in the beautiful City of Pesth, for it does possess a rare and radiant beauty with the blue Danube flowing through it, the suspension bridge leading to the Emperor's palace on the heights of Ofen being one of the sights of Europe, with its elegant tree-lined boulevards, its glittering cafés, its bustling business quarter, its superb shops, and its lovely women. To the Magyars the occasion of the unveiling of Alexander Petofi's statue was a joyous event, and no effort was spared to render the occasion a memorable one. Petofi was born at Kis-Körös, on the 1st of January, 1823. He studied at Buda-Pesth. His student and much of his after life is absolutely colorless, save for the poems which he from time to time composed. His Songs of the People are numbered at seven hundred, the most celebrated being "The Cypress Bough from Stella's Grave." His songs fired the people with enthusiasm. He joined the Hungarian army in the year 1848, and on the 31st of July, 1849, met his death on the battlefield of Schanburg, nobly fighting for the freedom of his dearly loved country. The monument, which cost 60,000 florins, has been erected in the University Square, and on it are inscribed the opening words of one of his famous and cherished songs.

The New Lord Mayor of London.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Knight, is a self-made man, who has worked his own way to the front. The son of J. W. Knight, of Marylebone and St. Albans, he was educated at the City of London school, where he took honors in all his classes. He began his business life as a commercial traveler, but soon started on his own account in Love Lane, and has always prospered. He was annually chosen a member of Common Council from 1867 to 1874, and since the latter year has been Alderman of his Ward, in both which capacities he has proved a most efficient member of the City Government. He also filled the office of Sheriff in 1875-6 with credit. He has contributed largely to the prosperity of his Ward by erecting several fine blocks of warehouses, is a liberal supporter of the Ward charities, and has been active in promoting educational interests. Mr. Knight was born in 1823, and comes to his high office in the prime of his powers.

The Mining Troubles in France.

For a considerable time past the miners of the region that has Montcaulles Mines for its centre have been holding secret and mysterious meetings—sometimes in the woods, sometimes in the mines, sometimes in the cabarets. The outcome of these meetings has been the organization of a secret society called, "The Black Band." This Black Band has been threatening employees in most of the mines, but especially those in the employment of the Blangy Mining Company. The authorities at length came to the relief of the employees, and a military detachment was sent to the troubled district. Numerous arrests were made, and the ringleaders of the Black Band arrested. These arrests led to the discovery of a deeply-laid conspiracy, extending to Lausanne, Lyons, Saint Etienne, Creuzot, and others. Our illustration depicts the arrest of the leaders of the Black Band.

The Wells of Moses.

The Wells of Moses (Ain Mooss), situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, near the town of that name, are a sort of oasis formed by a collection of springs, surrounded with tamarisk-bushes and palm-trees. Before the late troubles in Egypt, it was a favorite pleasuring resort for the inhabitants of Suez. There are two so-called hotels there, and gardens with fruit-trees and vegetables. The water from the springs has a brackish taste. Most of them are simply holes dug in the soil, but one is built up of massive masonry of great age. Though not mentioned in the Bible, the position has always caused it to be associated with the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and tradition has fixed upon it as the spot where Moses and Miriam and the children of Israel sang their song of triumph. The place

has just now a special interest from the fact that it was the point where Professor Palmer and his companions parted from their friends on starting for their unfortunate expedition into Syria.

Scenes in Java.

The town of Batavia, in the island of Java, is chiefly peopled, so far as Europeans are concerned, by Dutch. The natives, however, are numerous, and are of peculiarly easy-going, indolent habits. The town has some features of considerable interest to foreigners. One of these is the tram-car, shown in our illustration, which is drawn by two small ponies going at a rapid pace. It runs from the place of embarkation almost to the centre of the town, a distance of three miles. The little cart, drawn by a similar little pony to those in the tram, corresponds with the cab of English towns, and is driven by a Javanese sitting cross-legged in front. The hotels in the town are well kept, and some of them very elaborate in their decorations. The dining-salons are most magnificent, with marble walls and floors, suited, of course, to the warm climate; the sleeping-rooms are all round the courtyard, with verandas in front, shaded by beautiful shade-trees. Outside each apartment is a little table and chairs, where the Dutch in their loose white robe and slippers have their morning meal, which consists of a cup of coffee only.

The People's Fete in Brussels.

The Belgians prepare for weeks for this joyous festivity; and Brussels has "no end of a time" while the sport lasts. From rosy morn to dewy eve the fun goes on, the eldest inhabitant, the Manikin statue, being dressed in full paraphernalia and paraded round the city. Processions of pretty girls mustering in front of the grand old Hotel de Ville, pass along the quaint, crooked, tortuous streets of the old town, and, according to the magnificent Rue Royale, file by the King's Palace and the open space in front where the English regiments were paraded ere they marched to Waterloo. Games and amusements of all kinds are indulged in, followed by dances. One of the most popular sports is the wheelbarrow race. This entertainment consists of a number of frogs in a number of wheelbarrows, each barrow being rolled by a sturdy Belgian woman. The frogs are free to leap where they like, and the lady first in at the goal with her entire cargo of frogs wins the prize.

The Australian Wool Trade.

The wool of Australia ranks as its most valuable commercial product, surpassing in quantity, and equaling in quality, that of any other country. One of the important centres of the trade is Wentworth, on the New South Wales side of the river Darling, near its confluence with the Murray, by which communication is had with the leading seaports. Wentworth is also connected with the New South Wales Southern Railway system, and the advantages of its position are such that it will, no doubt, become, in time, the central city of the Colonies. The wool-boats plying on the Murray and Darling rivers have something of the appearance of miniature American river steamers, being so built as to combine large carrying capacity with lightness of draught, as will be perceived on reference to our illustration.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Several of the French collieries have successfully introduced electro-motors, and they appear to be regarded with favor by the miners.

A Door capable of being opened in four directions has been invented by Herr Wiegand, of Berlin. The arrangement is applicable to windows.

A Beautiful "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Leonardo da Vinci, has been discovered in the workshop of a tailor at Turin. The picture bears Leonardo's monogram in the corner, and measures three feet by two feet three and one-half inches.

An Enthusiastic Englishman thinks that the time may come when accumulations of electric force will be made portable enough and powerful enough to drive a steamship across the Atlantic. He is also of opinion that by the use of windmills on board ship the force of the wind might be utilized to store power in the accumulators. Any wind except one dead ahead could be used for the purpose, and fifty per cent. of its full power saved for future use.

By Strongly compressing phosphoreted hydrogen in presence of water, and then suddenly decreasing the pressure, M. Cailliet has obtained a crystalline hydrate of this compound, the existence of which is conditioned by the temperature and pressure; the critical point, i.e. the temperature above which the substance cannot exist, whatever be the pressure, is 28 degrees. Hydrates of sulphureted hydrogen and of ammonia have also been obtained by this method.

Steps are being taken to connect the islands of Mauritius and Réunion, about 134 miles apart, by a system of optical telegraphy. M. Adam is taking out two of Colonel Mangin's large telegraphic apparatuses for the purpose, and he has devised what he terms an automatic eclipser for the light (that of an ordinary petroleum lamp will suffice). The signals will be photographically recorded. The system is expected to be specially useful in signaling the approach of cyclones.

Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention.

Attempts to produce photographs upon an ivory-like surface have hitherto been thwarted by the difficulty of producing an artificial ivory. It has been discovered, however, that this can be made by dissolving shellac in ammonia, and then adding finely divided oxide of zinc. A white paste material is in this way furnished, from which the ammonia is driven off by heat. It may be pressed into any desired shape in this condition; but a better result is obtained, it is said, by powdering the material first of all.

M. Deprez recently communicated the result of his experiments on the transmission of power to a great distance to the Paris Académie des Sciences. He used two telegraph wires between Miesbach and Munich. In a first experiment work equal to half a horse-power per second was got directly at Munich, with a velocity in the Miesbach machine of 1,500 turns a minute. More than sixty per cent. of the work expended was recovered, the receiving machine working a centrifugal pump to feed a cascade.

Professor Bichhof's system of water filtration has been for some time before the public. The use of spongy iron has now been applied on a large scale to the water obtained from the River Nette for the supply of the City of Antwerp. Dr. Frankland has visited the Antwerp Water Works at Waelheim, about fifteen miles above that city, and reported on the results of his inquiry. He attaches especial value to the fact that the spongy iron filtration "is absolutely fatal to Bacteria and their germs," and he considers it would be "an invaluable boon to London if all water supplied from the Thames and Lea were submitted to this treatment in default of a new supply from unimpeachable sources."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—AN Exhibition is to be held at Adelaide, South Australia, in 1886.

—MR. PATTERSON's plurality for Governor of Pennsylvania is 40,202.

—PUBLIC funerals in cases of contagious diseases are now prohibited in Boston.

—THE Mexican National Railroad is being laid at the rate of one and one-half miles a day.

—THE Paris Municipality have voted in favor of demolishing the fortifications around the city.

—THE Mexican Minister of Public Works has issued a circular urging improvements in house-building.

—A TREATY providing for the exchange of money-orders between this country and Belgium has been signed.

—DIPHTHERIA is becoming epidemic in Philadelphia, and the Board of Health have taken steps to contract the contagion.

—THE wealthy New England lumbermen propose spending \$400,000 in building a railway into the Adirondack wilderness.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company, last week, gave orders for the construction of fifty-five locomotives and 6,000 cars.

—THE steamer *Wearmouth*, of London, was lost off Magdalen Island last week, and only four of the crew of twenty men were saved.

—THE gross earnings of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for the last fiscal year were about \$18,383,875, and the net earnings \$7,454,662.

—THE business men of Chattanooga, Tenn., have appointed committees to arrange for a national industrial and mineral exposition in that city in 1884.

—THE Pope has expressed his horror at the outrages committed in Ireland, and charges the Irish bishops to prevent the people from offending against the laws.

—THE Michigan lumbermen have had a prosperous season, the great rafting companies having brought 1,000,000,000 feet of logs to market, which has sold at good prices.

—DURING the past year there have been 205 lives lost in 41 American steamboat accidents, only 56 being those of passengers; 354,070,447 passengers and sailors were carried.

—A new game fish has been produced at the Caledonia (N. Y.) hatchery which is three quarters brook trout and one quarter salmon trout. It has been christened brook-salmon trout.

—THE Northern Pacific Railway is providing refrigerating cars for the Montana trade. They will carry out fruit and other perishable goods, and be sent East filled with game and fresh meats.

—M. SOLBILLET, the French traveler, announces that he has taken possession of the Bay of Tadjourah, on the African side of the Gulf of Aden, which, he says, has been ceded to him by the local Sultan.

—THE Mormons continue to make converts in the South, and an emissary of the church recently went to Georgia to meet several persons who had embraced the Mormon faith and escort them to Utah.

—UP to the 15th instant the applications under the Irish Arrears of Rent Act had reached 14,167. The Land Commissioners hope to settle before the 30th instant all cases lodged prior to November 25th.

—THE State Attorney of Illinois, under a recent decision of the courts, has begun suits against all agencies of insurance companies from other States for license fees, which aggregate about half a million dollars.

—THE cost of the diplomatic and consular service of the United States during the past year amounted to \$1,218,462. The receipts of the consular service were \$389,840, or \$57,018 in excess of the expenditures for that particular service.

CAPTAIN EADS, the projector of the Tehuantepec ship-canal, who has just returned from Europe, says that he has so engaged English capital in the project that its completion does not depend upon any action Congress may take in regard to the proposition he has submitted.

—THE unions in the western part of Ireland have been ordered to relieve the distressed people. Up to the present time the applications under the Land Act by tenants for loans to improve their holdings number 625, of which 310 have been granted, 210 were inadmissible, and the remainder are being investigated.

—FOUR years ago Fanny Smith, a poor little girl of Philadelphia, died and left her pastor her little savings of \$4.21 as the first contribution for a fund towards the erection of a church for poor people. As the result, the Memorial Presbyterian Church has just been dedicated—a fine edifice, which has cost over \$70,000 and is free from debt.

—THOMAS LOEMAN, a poor cash-boy in a Boston store, fourteen years old, and his younger brother and sister, have fallen heirs to a fortune of \$2,500,000 left by an uncle in Australia. The children are orphans, who have been cared for by a poor aunt, and they will be sent to St. Johns, N. B., where the trustees of the estate live, to be educated.

—THE contract for erecting a monument to Jesse James has been awarded to a Muscatine (Iowa) marble-dealer, the work to cost \$1,000. It consists of a plain shaft, twelve feet high, of red Scotch granite. The order was given by Mrs. Jesse James, and the monument, she says, is "to have an unavailing, and all Mr. James's friends are to be invited."

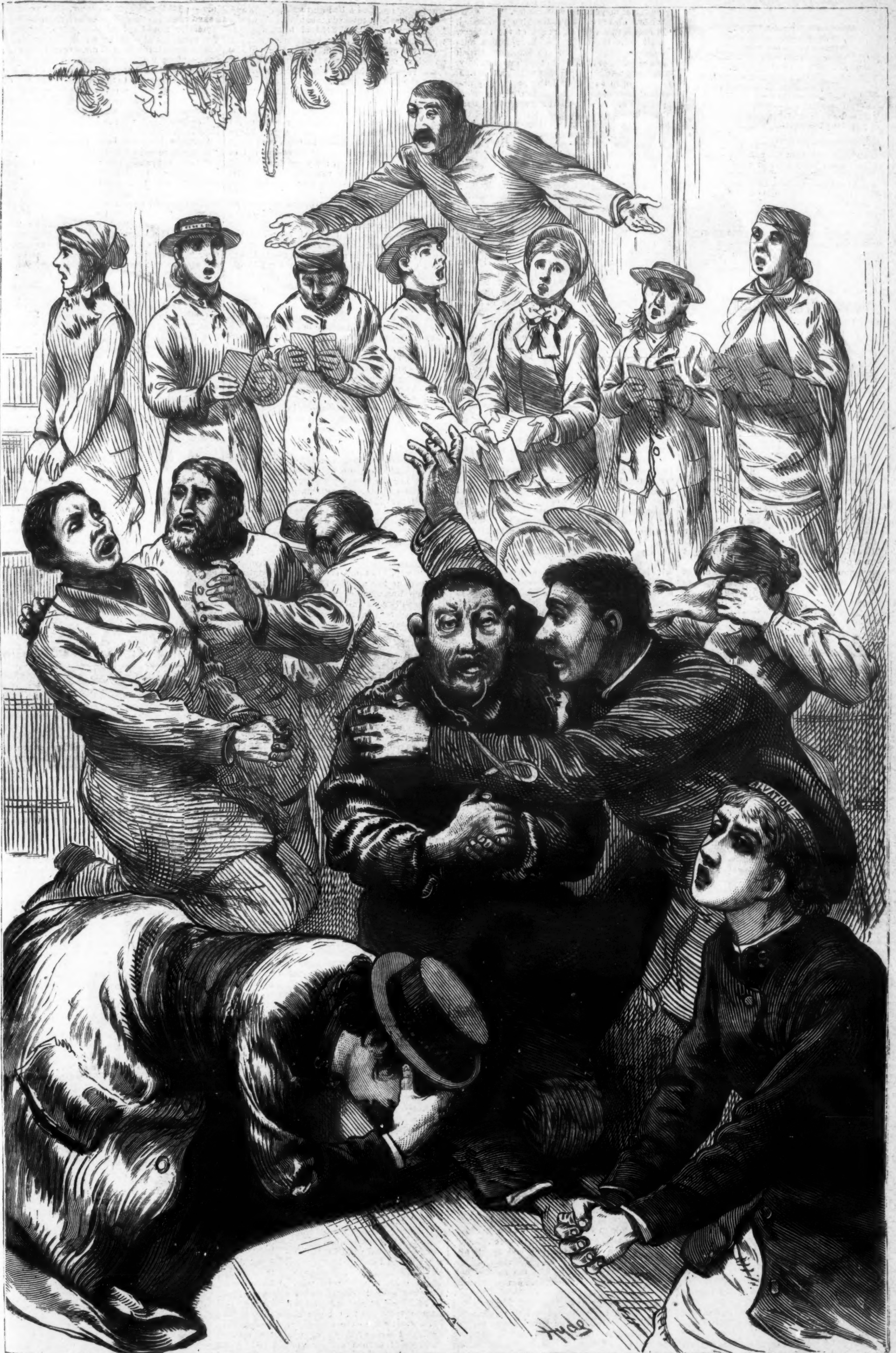
—THE Boys' Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia, which was organized by two schoolboys in 1880, is steadily growing. The first crop of cocoons was raised from 10,000 eggs, at the cocoonery in the city, but this has been greatly enlarged, and will now accommodate 80,000 worms in a season, and a branch cocoonery has been located at Swedesboro, N. J.

—THE liquidation of the City of Glasgow Bank, whose disastrous failure four years ago made such a sensation in Great Britain, has just been completed. Every penny of the bank's vast debt has been paid, and the remaining assets have been handed over to a company formed to receive them for the benefit of the still solvent shareholders. During the four years the liquidators have paid off \$55,000,000, of which nearly half came out of the private means of the shareholders.

—THE National Cotton Planters' Association of America has sent formal invitations to the cities of New Orleans, Galveston, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Augusta, Montgomery, Nashville, Memphis, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Baltimore to compete for the location of the World's Cotton Centennial Exposition to be held in 1884. It is contemplated to raise about \$2,000,000 for this exposition, \$500,000 of which is expected to come from the city securing the location, which will be decided upon January 1st, 1883, by the Executive Committee of the Association.



NEW YORK CITY.—A SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS: A VICTIM OF STREET THIEVES IDENTIFYING THE OFFENDERS.—SEE PAGE 230.



SALVATION ARMY METHODS.—SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY SOLICITING AND PRAYING WITH RECRUITS.—SEE PAGE 230.

NEW YORK CITY.—A SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS: A VICTIM OF STREET THIEVES IDENTIFYING THE OFFENDERS.—SEE PAGE 230.

A SOUTHERN THANKSGIVING.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

FROM East and West, all through the North,
Causes for thankfulness set forth.
Were heavy crops and prosperous trade,
Abounding health and money made,
Prosperity throughout the land,
Fair Peace and Plenty, hand in hand,
Throughout the South, too, plenty reigned,
And peace was on all sides maintained;
But health, worth more than all beside,
To some fair sections was denied;
And 'neath the dreaded fever's breath,
One city seemed foredoomed to death.

Its air was sultry, hot and still;
Days passed, nor brought the welcome chill
Which only could maintain and urge
Successful warfare 'gainst the scourge.
For months the plague held awful sway,
And none had power its course to stay.
With Summer heats the Autumn came,
November weeks were still the same;
Until, at last, Thanksgiving Day
Dawned like the rest, though dull and gray.
By noon a cold blast, from the North,
Sent far and wide its blessings forth.

That night a rime of frost o'erspread
The homes of living and of dead;
And tears of sorrow and distress
Were changed to drops of thankfulness.
Despair had marked the dawn of gray,
But loud thanksgivings closed the day.

MARY A. BARR.

HEART AND SCIENCE:

A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MRS. GALLILEE'S maid looked at her watch when the carriage left Mr. Mool's house. "We shall be nearly an hour late before we get home," she said.

"It's my fault, Jane. Tell your mistress the truth if she questions you. I shall not think the worse of you for obeying your orders."

"I'd rather lose my place, miss, than get you into trouble."

The woman spoke truly. Carmina's sweet temper had made her position not only endurable, but delightful. She had been treated like a companion and a friend. As they now drove briskly on the road home, she looked at her "young lady" with an anxious interest which proved the sincerity of the feeling that she had just expressed.

Instead of talking pleasantly as usual, Carmina was silent and sad. Had this change in her spirits been caused by the visit to Mr. Mool? It was even so. The lawyer had innocently decided her on taking the desperate course which Miss Minerva had proposed.

If Mrs. Gallilee's assertion of her absolute right of authority, as guardian, had been declared by Mr. Mool to be incorrect, Carmina was prepared to propose a compromise of her own devising. She would have engaged to remain at her aunt's disposal until Ovid returned, on condition of being allowed, when Teresa arrived in London, to live in retirement with her old nurse. This change of abode would prevent any collision between Mrs. Gallilee and Teresa, and would make Carmina's life as peaceful, and even as happy, as she could wish.

But now that the lawyer had confirmed her aunt's statement of the position in which they stood towards one another, all hope of carrying out such an arrangement as this—to any person acquainted with Mrs. Gallilee's temper—was at an end. Instant flight to Ovid's love and protection was the one choice left—unless Carmina could resign herself to a life of merciless persecution and perpetual suspense.

The arrangements for the flight were already complete.

That momentary view of Mrs. Gallilee's face, reflected in the glass, had confirmed Miss Minerva's resolution to interfere. Clothed with Carmina on the Sunday morning, she had proposed a scheme of escape which would even set Mrs. Gallilee's vigilance and cunning at defiance. No pecuniary obstacle stood in the way. The first quarterly payment of Carmina's allowance of five hundred a year had been already made, by Mr. Mool's advice. Enough was left—even without the assistance which the nurse's resources would render—to purchase the necessary outfit and to take the two women to Quebec. On the day after Teresa's arrival (at an hour of the morning while the servants were still in bed) Carmina and her companion could escape from the house on foot, and not leave a trace behind them.

Meanwhile, Fortune befriended Mrs. Gallilee's maid. No questions were put to her; no notice even was taken of the late return.

Five minutes before the carriage drew up at the house, a learned female friend from the country called, by appointment, on Mrs. Gallilee. On the coming Tuesday afternoon an event of the deepest scientific interest was to take place. A new Professor had undertaken to deliver himself, by means of a lecture, of subversive opinions on "Matter." A general discussion was to follow, and in that discussion (upon certain conditions) Mrs. Gallilee herself proposed to take part.

"If the Professor attempts to account for the mutual action of separate atoms," she said, "I defy him to do it without assuming the existence of a continuous material medium in space. And this point of view being accepted—follow me here!—what is the result? In plain words," cried Mrs. Gallilee, rising ex-

citedly to her feet, "we dispense with the idea of atoms!"

The friend looked infinitely relieved by the prospect of dispensing with atoms.

"Now observe," Mrs. Gallilee proceeded. "In connection with this part of the subject, I shall wait to see if the Professor adopts Thomson's theory. You are acquainted with Thomson's theory? No? Let me put it briefly. Mere heterogeneity, together with gravitation, is sufficient to explain all the apparently discordant laws of molecular action. You understand? Very well. If the Professor passes over Thomson, then I rise in the body of the Hall and take my stand on these grounds."

While Mrs. Gallilee's grounds were being laid out for the benefit of her friend, the coachman took the carriage back to the stables, the maid went down-stairs to tea, and Carmina joined Miss Minerva in the schoolroom—all three being protected from discovery by Mrs. Gallilee's rehearsal of her performance in the Comedy of Atoms.

The Monday morning brought with it news from Rome—serious news which confirmed Miss Minerva's misgivings.

Carmina received a letter, bearing the Italian postmark, but not addressed to her in Teresa's handwriting. She looked to the signature at the end. Her correspondent was the old priest—Father Patrizio. He wrote in these words:

"MY DEAR CHILD—Our good Teresa leaves us to-day, on her journey to London. She has impatiently submitted to the legal ceremonies, rendered necessary by her husband having died without making a will. He scarcely left anything in the way of money, after payment of his burial expenses, and his few little debts. What is of far greater importance—he lived, and died, a good Christian. I was with him in his last moments. Offer your prayers, my dear, for the repose of his soul."

"Teresa left me declaring her purpose of traveling night and day, so as to reach you the sooner. Strong as this good creature is, I believe she will be obliged to rest on the road for a night at least. Calculating on this, I assume that my letter will get to you first. I have something to say about your old nurse, which it is well that you should know."

"Do not for a moment suppose that I blame you for having told Teresa of the unfriendly reception, which you appear to have met with from your aunt and guardian. Who should you confide in—if not in the excellent woman who has filled the place of a mother to you? Besides, from your earliest years, have I not always instilled into you the reverence of truth? You have told the truth in your letters. My child, I commend you, and feel for you."

"But the impression produced on Teresa is not what you or I could wish. It is one of her merits that she loves you with the truest devotion; it is one of her defects, that she is fierce and obstinate in resentment. Your aunt has become an object of absolute hatred to her. I have combated—successfully, as I hope and believe—this unchristian state of feeling."

"She is now beyond the reach of my influence. My purpose in writing is to beg you to continue the good work that I have begun. Compose this impetuous nature; restrain this fiery spirit. Your gentle influence, Carmina, has a power of its own over those who love you; and who loves you like Teresa?—of which, perhaps, you are not yourself aware. Use your power discreetly; and, with the blessing of God and His saints, I have no fear of the result."

"Write to me, my child, when Teresa arrives—and let me hear that you are happier, and better in health. Tell me, also, whether there is any speedy prospect of your marriage. If I may presume to judge from the little I know, your dearest earthly interests depend on the removal of obstacles to this salutary change in your life. I send you my good wishes, and my blessing. If a poor old priest like me can be of any service, do not forget—"

FATHER PATRIZIO.

Any lingering hesitation that Carmina might still have felt was at an end when she read this letter. Good Father Patrizio, like good Mr. Mool, had innocently urged her to set her guardian's authority at defiance.

CHAPTER XL.

WHEN the morning lessons were over, Carmina showed the priest's letter to Miss Minerva. The governess read it, and handed it back in silence.

"Have you nothing to say?" Carmina asked.

"Nothing. You know my opinion already. That letter says what I have said—with greater authority."

"It has determined me to follow your advice, Frances."

"Then it has done well."

"And you see," Carmina continued, "that Father Patrizio speaks of obstacles in the way of my marriage. Teresa has evidently shown him my letters. Do you think he fears, as I do, that my aunt may find some means of separating us, even when Ovid comes back?"

"Very likely."

She spoke in faint, weary tones—listlessly leaning back in her chair. Carmina asked if she had passed another sleepless night.

"Yes," she said, "another bad night, and the usual martyrdom in teaching the children. I don't know which disgusts me most—Zoe's impudent stupidity, or Maria's unendurable humbug."

She had never yet spoken of Maria in this way. Even her voice seemed to be changed. Instead of betraying the usual angry abruptness, her tones coldly indicated impenetrable contempt. In the silence that ensued, she looked up, and saw Carmina's eyes resting on her anxiously and kindly.

"Any other human being but you," she

said, "would find me disagreeable and rude—and would be quite right, too. I haven't asked after your health. You look paler than usual. Have you, too, had a bad night?"

"I fell asleep towards morning. And—oh, I had such a delightful dream! I could almost wish that I had never awakened from it."

"Who did you dream of?" She put the question mechanically—frowning, as if at some repellent thought suggested to her by what she had just heard.

"I dreamed of my mother," Carmina answered.

Miss Minerva raised herself at once in the chair. Whatever that passing impression might have been, she was free from it now. There was some little life again in her eyes; some little spirit in her voice. "Take me out of myself," she said; "tell me your dream."

"It is nothing very remarkable, Frances. We all of us sometimes see our dear lost ones in sleep. I saw my mother again, as I used to see her in the nursery at bedtime—tall and beautiful, with her long dark hair falling over her white dressing-gown to the waist. She stooped over me, and kissed me; and she looked surprised. She said: 'My little angel, why are you here in a strange house? I have come to take you back to your own cot by my bedside.' I wasn't surprised or frightened; I put my arms round her neck, and we floated away together through the cool starry night, and we were at home again. I saw my cot, with its pretty white curtains and pink ribbons. I heard my mother tell me an English fairy story out of a book which my father had given to her—and her kind voice grew fainter and fainter, while I grew more and more sleepy—and it ended softly, just as it used to end in the happy old days. And I woke, crying. Do you ever dream of your mother now?"

"I? God forbid!"

"Oh, Frances, what a dreadful thing to say!" "Is it? It was the thought in me when you spoke. And with good reason, too. I was the last of a large family—the ugly one; the ill-tempered one; the incumbrance that made it harder than ever to find money enough to pay the household expenses. My father swore at my mother for being my mother. She reviled him just as bitterly in return, and vented the rest of her ill-temper on my wretched little body with no sparing hand. Bedtime was her time for beating me. Talk of your mother—not of mine! You were very young, were you not, when she died?"

"Too young to feel my misfortune—but old enough to remember the sweetest woman that ever lived. Let me show you my father's portrait of her again. Doesn't that face tell you what an angel she was? There was some charm in her that all children felt. I can just remember some of my playfellows who used to come to our garden. Other good mothers were with us—but the children all crowded round my mother. They would have her in all their games; they fought for places on her lap when she told them stories; some of them cried, and some of them screamed when it was time to take them away from her. Oh, why do we live, why do we die! I have bitter thoughts sometimes, Frances, like you. I have read in poetry that death is a fearful thing. To me death is a cruel thing, and it has never seemed so cruel as in these later days, since I have known Ovid. If my mother had but lived till now, what happiness would have been added to my life! How Ovid would have loved her, how she would have loved Ovid!"

Miss Minerva listened in silence. It was the silence of true interest and sympathy, while Carmina was speaking of her mother. When her lover's name became mingled with the remembrances of her childhood the change came. Once more the tell-tale lines began to harden in the governess's face. She lay back again in her chair. Her fingers irritably platted and unplatted the edge of her black apron.

Carmina was too deeply absorbed in her thoughts, too eagerly bent on giving them expression, to notice these warning signs.

"I have all my mother's letters to my father," she went on, "when he was away from her on his sketching excursions. You have still a little time to spare—I should so like to read some of them to you. I was reading one last night, which, perhaps, accounts for my dream? It is on a subject that interests everybody. In my father's absence a very dear friend of his met with a misfortune, and my mother had to prepare his wife to hear the bad news—oh, that reminds me! There is something I want to say to you first."

"About yourself?" Miss Minerva asked.

"About Ovid. I want your advice."

Miss Minerva was silent. Carmina went on.

"It's about writing to Ovid," she explained.

"Write, of course."

The reply was sudden and sharply given.

"Surely, I have not offended you?" Carmina said.

"Nonsense! Let me hear your mother's letter."

"Yes, but I want you to hear the circumstances first."

"You have mentioned them already."

"No! no! I mean the circumstances, in my case." She drew her chair closer to Miss Minerva. "I want to whisper—for fear of somebody passing on the stairs. The more I think of it, the more I feel that I ought to prepare Ovid for seeing me, before I make my escape. You said when we talked of it—"

"Never mind what I said."

"Oh, but I do mind! You said I could go to Ovid's bankers at Quebec, and then write when I knew where he was. I have been thinking over it since—and I see a serious risk. He might return from his inland journey on the very day that I get there; he might even meet me in the street. In his delicate health—I daren't think of what the consequences of such a surprise might be! And then there is the dreadful necessity of telling him that his mother has driven me into taking this desperate step. In my place, wouldn't

you feel that you could do it more delicately in writing?"

"Yes!" "I might write to-morrow, for instance. To-morrow is one of the American mail days. My letter would get to Canada (remembering the roundabout way by which Teresa and I are to travel, for fear of discovery, days and days before we could arrive. I should shut myself up in an hotel at Quebec; and Teresa could go every day to the bank to hear if Ovid was likely to send for his letters, or likely to call soon, and ask for them. Then he would be prepared. Then, when we meet—"

The governess left her chair, and pointed to the clock.

Carmina looked at her—and rose in alarm.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"Yes—neuralgia, I think. I have the remedy in my room. Don't keep me, my dear. Mrs. Gallilee mustn't find me here again."

The paroxysm of pain which Carmina had noticed passed over her face once more. She subdued it, and left the room. The pain mastered her again; a low cry broke from her when she closed the door. Carmina ran out. "Frances! what is it?" Frances looked over her shoulder, while she slowly ascended the stairs. "Never mind!" she said, gently. "Never mind!"

Carmina advanced a step to follow her, and drew back.

Was that expression of suffering really caused by pain of the body? or was it attributable to anything that she had rashly said? She tried to recall what had passed between Frances and herself. The effort wearied her. Her thoughts turned self-reproachfully to Ovid. If he had been speaking to a friend whose secret sorrow was known to him, would he have mentioned the name of the woman whom they both loved? She looked at his portrait, and reviled herself as a selfish, insensible wretch. "Will Ovid improve me?" she wondered. "Shall I be a little worthier of him, when I am his wife?"

Luncheon-time came; and Mrs. Gallilee sent word that they were not to wait for her.

"She's studying," said Mr. Gallilee, with awe-struck looks. "She's going to make a speech at the Discussion to-morrow. The man who gives the lecture is the man she's going to pitch into. I don't know him; but—how do you feel about it yourself, Carmina?—I wouldn't stand in his shoes for any sum of money you could offer me. Poor devil! I beg your pardon, my dear; let me give you a wing of the fowl. Boiled fowl—eh? and tongue—ha? Do you know the story of the foreigner? He dined out fifteen times with his English friends. And there was boiled fowl and tongue at every dinner. The fifteenth time, the foreigner couldn't stand it any longer. He slapped his forehead, and he said, 'Ah, merciful Heaven, cock and bacon again!' You won't mention it, will you?—and perhaps you think as I do—I'm sick of cock and bacon, myself."

Mr. Null's medical orders still prescribed fresh air. The carriage came to the door at the regular hour; and Mr. Gallilee, with equal regularity, withdrew to his club.

Carmina was too uneasy to leave the house, without seeing Miss Minerva first. She went up to the schoolroom.

There was no sound of voices, when she opened the door. Miss Minerva was writing, and silence had been proclaimed. The girls were ready dressed for their walk. Industrious Maria had her book. Idle Zoe, perched on a high chair, sat kicking her legs. "If you say a word," she whispered, as Carmina passed her, "you'll be called an Imp, and stuck up on a chair. I shall go to the boy."

"Are you better, Frances?"

"Much better, my dear."

Her face denied it; the look of suffering was there still. She tore up the letter which she had been writing, and threw the fragments into the waste-paper basket.

"That's the second letter you've torn up," Zoe remarked.

"Say a word more—and you shall have bread and water for tea!" Miss Minerva was not free from irritation, although she might be free from pain. Even Zoe noticed how angry the governess was.

"I wish you could drive with me in the carriage," said Carmina. "The air would do you so much good."

"Impossible! But you may soothe my irritable nerves in another way, if you like."

"How?"

"Relieve me of these girls. Take them out with you. Do you mind?"

Zoe instantly jumped off her chair, and even Maria looked up from her book.

"I will take them with pleasure. Must we ask my aunt's permission?"

"We will dispense with your aunt's permission. She is shut up in her study—and we are all forbidden to disturb her. I will take it on myself." She turned to the girls with another outbreak of irritability. "Be off!"

Maria rose with dignity and made another successful exit. "I am sorry, dear Miss Minerva, if I have done anything to make you angry." She pointed the emphasis on "I," by a side-look at her sister. Zoe bounded out of the room, and performed the Italian boy's dance on the landing. "For shame!" said Maria. Zoe burst into singing. "Yah-yah-yah-bellah-vita-yah! Jolly, jolly, jolly! we are going out for a drive!"

Carmina waited to say a friendly word, before she followed the girls.

"You didn't think me neglectful, Frances, when I let you go up-stairs by yourself?"

Miss Minerva answered sadly and kindly:

"The best thing you could do was to leave me by myself."

Carmina's mind was still not quite at ease.

"Yes, but you were in pain," she said.

"You curious child! I am not in pain now."

"Will you make me comfortable, Frances? Give me a kiss."

"Two, my dear, if you like."

She kissed Carmina on one cheek and on the other. "Now, leave me to write," she said. Carmina left her.

The drive ought to have been a pleasant one, with Zoe in the carriage. To the maid it was a time of the heartiest enjoyment. Maria herself condescended to smile now and then. There was only one dull person in the carriage. "Miss Carmina was but poor company," the maid remarked when they got back. Mrs. Gallilee herself received them in the hall.

"You will never take the children out again without my leave," she said to Carmina. "The person who is really responsible for what you have done, will mislead you no more." With those words she entered the library and closed the door.

Maria and Zoe, at the sight of their mother, had hurried up-stairs. Carmina stood alone in the hall. Mrs. Gallilee had turned her cold. After a while she followed the children as far as her own room. There, her resolution failed her. She called faintly up-stairs—"Frances!" There was no answering voice. She went into her room. A small paper packet was on the table, sealed, and addressed to herself. She tore it open. A ring with a little ruby in it dropped out; she recognized the stone—it was Miss Minerva's ring.

Some blotted lines were traced on the paper, inside:

"I have tried to pour out my heart to you in writing—and I have torn up the letters. The fewest words are the best. Look back at my confession, and you will know why I have left you. You shall hear from me, when I am more worthy of you than I am now. In the meantime wear my ring. It will tell you how mean I once was. F. M."

Carmina looked at the ring. She remembered that Frances had tried to make her accept it as security, in return for the loan of twenty pounds.

She looked at the confession. Two passages in it were underlined: "The wickedness in me, on which Mrs. Gallilee calculated, may be in me still." And again: "Even now, when you have found me out, I love him. Don't trust me."

Never had Carmina trusted her more faithfully than she trusted her at that bitter moment!

(To be continued.)

THE LATE THURLOW WEED.

THE death of Thurlow Weed, which occurred at his residence in New York city on November 22d, had been so long expected that it was in no sense a surprise, and yet the announcement produced a certain shock as it was realized that a remarkable career was at last ended. Mr. Weed was almost the last survivor of the great figures which illustrated our political history before the war, and his death removes one whose influence upon politics during a generation was scarcely exceeded by that of any public man. This influence was exceptional and unique in the fact that it was wielded by a man who never held high office, but who exerted his power rather as the Warwick who made Governors, Senators and Presidents, than as the high official himself. Early in his career he was, for two terms, a member of the Legislature, and, later, State Printer; but with these exceptions he never accepted public place, although any position short of the Presidency was repeatedly within his grasp.

Mr. Weed was a self-made man, and possessed both the merits and defects which are apt to characterize this character—energy, perseverance and resolution, on the one hand; and, on the other, a self-confidence which sometimes becomes overweening. He was born at Cairo, Greene County, N. Y., November 15th, 1797, and his life thus almost covered the existence of the republic. Washington had but just left the Presidency when he was born, and the rugged training which the poor boy received as cabin-boy on a river-boat and apprentice in a newspaper office had so toughened him that he quite naturally participated in the first war after the Revolution. Young Weed was scarcely fifteen years old when the War of 1812 broke out, but he promptly enlisted as a drummer-boy, and soon blossomed into a private soldier, and before hostilities were ended the youngster had been promoted to be a quartermaster's sergeant. The types had already fascinated the pushing youth, and it became his dream to be the controller of an influential newspaper. He made sundry experiments in different places without especial success, but in 1830 his opportunity came, and he was installed as editor of the Albany Evening Journal. He continued in this capacity until 1864, and it was during this period that his life-work was performed. Without the breadth of view which the great journalist of today requires, Mr. Weed was admirably qualified to edit a political organ in the time when political organs were powers, and he made the Journal a most influential newspaper, not merely in the field of State affairs, but in that of national politics. As a political manager, Mr. Weed was even more influential and successful, and it would be hard to exaggerate the power which he wielded for several decades. An early Whig, he became a Republican when the new party was formed, and his great ambition was to make his long-time personal friend, William H. Seward, that party's candidate for President in the memorable campaign of 1860. But he failed, and from this failure dates the beginning of his decadence; for although he still exerted a strong influence, he never regained his supremacy. He was already sixty-three years old, but he still clung to work, and even after leaving the Journal in 1864, he re-entered the newspaper field as editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, and did not retire from journalism until 1869. Since then he has retained a lively interest in public affairs, which survived almost to the end, and was characteristically illustrated by his dictating at length, scarcely ten days before his death, his views upon the result of the recent elections and the political tendencies of the time.

Not the least of Mr. Weed's public services were performed in the character of a diplomat, for although he never was a foreign Minister, he was once selected for a task quite as responsible and difficult as ever fell to the lot of an American envoy. It was during the Summer of 1861 that President Lincoln decided to send a confidential commissioner to England and France, who should seek to disabuse the Governments of those nations of their misconceptions regarding the origin of the Rebellion, and counteract their consequent prejudice against the Union cause. After mature deliberation, Mr. Weed was selected for this most delicate mission, and the success with which he fulfilled his instructions vindicated the choice. Of course, as he went in an unofficial, or, at the most, only a semi-official, capacity, he devoted his time largely to personal interviews with prominent personages, in which he enlightened them regarding the actual situation in this country and conquered their distrust of the Government's policy. Mr. Weed's labors bore visible fruit in a marked change of tone on the part of

both England and France, and contributed largely to the better understanding of our great contest which was needed to prevent threatened complications of the most serious character.

Mr. Weed died peacefully, of old age, surrounded by his family and intimate friends; and his memory will not soon be forgotten. His career was by no means free from reproach; but the judgment of posterity is likely to confirm the growing belief of his contemporaries that in the main his purposes were honorable, and that his patriotic services more than offset his weaknesses and failings.

Skin-grafting.

A PARIS physician has discovered that skin from a rabbit may be successfully grafted upon a human being. Having a patient who had suffered for years from a long and deep ulcer of the thigh, he took six grafts from the shaved abdomen of a rabbit and two from the forearm of a man. These were placed in position and a Lister dressing was applied. The dressing was removed at the end of eight days, when it was found that the grafts from the rabbit had become adherent and that new skin was forming rapidly in their immediate neighborhood, while the grafts of human skin had not adhered. The dressing was continued for eight days more, when it was found that an islet of skin had established itself upon the centre of the ulcer, and in eight days more the sore had completely cicatrized. Two months later the healing process still continued favorably, and the newly-formed skin showed no trace of its origin.

Longevity in Different Countries.

M. SOLAVILLE has compiled some statistics regarding longevity in Europe, which show that more women than men attain extreme old age, and the difference increases with the age. Thus, at sixty years, the advantage is with the women in the proportion of seven per cent., at ninety and above it rises to forty-five, and, with centenarians, to sixty per cent. It is in France that there are the greatest relative number of inhabitants at the age of sixty and upward; but it is not so for centenarians, of which France has less than all the other States of Europe except Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland. From M. Solaville's calculation of deaths by age, the result is reached that, to the total deaths, those at the age of ninety and upward bore the following proportions to the countries named and arranged according to the decreasing order of importance: Great Britain, 2.73; Sweden, 7.39; France, 6.58; Belgium, 6.07; Switzerland, 6.00; Holland, 4.47; Italy, 3.76; Bavaria, 3.42; Prussia, 3.06; Austria, 2.61.

A Use for Oyster-shells.

UNTIL recently oyster-shells have been used only for making lime. A few years ago somebody discovered that the shells made a capital foundation for oyster beds, and within a year or two many thousands of bushels have been used for this purpose. The oysterman selects a good spot for a bed and simply dumps the shells overboard. This is done in July and August, during the spawning season. The spawn attaches itself to the shell, and in two years the shell is covered with oysters ranging from the size of a silver quarter to that of a half-dollar. Then the oysters are big enough to seed, and are planted as such. Sometimes thirty or forty such oysters are found attached to a single shell. The shells are worth three cents per bushel when thrown overboard, and at the end of two years they are worth from fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel, making a very good margin for profit. This method of raising seed oysters is being rapidly extended, and a number of steamers have recently been built at New Haven, Conn., with special apparatus for transplanting the shells.

Poisoning by Nicotine.

A RATHER unusual case of poisoning by nicotine is described by the Paris medical journals. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp-knife, and with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently. The wound, however, being of a trivial nature, no attention was paid to it. But, five or six hours later, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen, the inflammation rapidly spreading to the arm and shoulder, and giving such intense pain to the patient as to cause him to take to his bed. Medical assistance was called, and the ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the use to which his pocket-knife had been applied, adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning the pipe. The case was now understood, and, it becoming alarming, removal to the hospital followed; there the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done.

Hanging Rock.

AMONG the Capon Mountains of Hampshire County, W. Va., is a gorge called Hanging Rock, which possesses more than ordinary historical and romantic interest. A narrow road runs along the side of a braiding stream, and above it on either hand the wooded cliffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. A band of Catawba Indians, who were encamped in the gap in 1731, were set upon by a party of hostile Delaware and totally exterminated. A few years later some prowling Frenchmen and Indians fired from an ambush on Ensign Daniel Morgan, "the hero of Stillwater and the Cowpens," who was passing through the gap bearing dispatches to Winchester. Two soldiers who were with him fell from their horses dead, while Morgan, with the blood streaming from a terrible bullet wound, clasped his mare about the neck with both arms, and was borne safely back to a neighboring fort, where he was lifted from the saddle inensible. In 1861 the gorge was the scene of a fierce cavalry fight between some roving troopers from the Federal and rebel armies. Recently surveyors have located the route of the Baltimore, Cincinnati and Western Railroad directly through the pass.

The Law of "Engagements."

"ENGAGEMENTS" have a serious property aspect, according to Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia, who recently laid down the doctrine that neither an "engaged" man nor an "engaged" woman can convey away property to the prejudice of an affianced. In the case before him, James Baird, a widower, with children, had, several days before "engaging" himself—September 23d, 1878—to the lady who is now his widow, but after announcing to friends his purpose to ask her hand in marriage, conveyed his real estate, worth about \$70,000, to trustees to be held in trust for himself and for the children of his first wife after his death. He was married November 19th, 1878, and four months later he died. His widow discovered that under the conveyance she had lost her third of the estate, and contested its legality. Judge Thayer overthrew the conveyance, on the ground that it conflicts with the equities of the relations of Baird and his intended wife at the time it was made.

Mr. Baird's purpose in making it does not seem to have been to deprive his wife of her share of his property, but to secure his estate from squandering by himself. His confidence in a long life would have left his widow penniless but for the equities of the "engaged."

Facts of Interest.

THE total number of arrests made during the last fiscal year by the Secret Service agents was 335, the majority being for counterfeiting money. The total fines assessed amounted to \$10,664, and the total amount of counterfeit coin captured \$8,830,124. The number of suits begun during the last year under the direction of the Solicitor of the Treasury was 3,941, and the amount involved, \$1,625,107. The entire amount recovered from all sources was \$488,995.

LONGFELLOW's study remains just as he left it. Not a book nor a piece of furniture has been moved. The gates to the grounds of his old home are always open to the visitor, but within the house the bereaved family are secure from intrusion, and their life goes on as it did before his death, save for the great void that never can be filled. The poet's grave at Mount Auburn is only marked by the flower-wreaths daily placed upon it by loving hands.

THERE are 12,000 head of Jersey cattle on the Isle of Jersey, and 6,000 on the Isle of Guernsey. The exportations from both are nearly 3,000 head per year. Several hundred come to the United States.

MRS. S. TREETHY, of Syracuse, N. Y., has a cluster of locks of hair, cut from the head of Napoleon I. when he was a prisoner on the island of St. Helena. The hair was presented to her by an English naval officer more than forty years ago. A single hair from the head of Louis Napoleon is said to have sold recently in London for \$100.

FROM the report of the Illinois Board of Labor Statistics it appears that the average annual income of workmen of all occupations in Chicago is \$608.70. The stationary engineers report the largest average earnings, namely, \$916, and the hod-carriers the smallest, namely, \$342.

NICKEL cents are coming into general use in Texas for the first time in her history. The three-cent railroad law puts them in circulation.

THERE is a farm of 8,000 acres in Bexar County, Texas, which is devoted to the raising of Shetland and spotted ponies for the special benefit of children with indulgent parents. The diminutive horses roam over the prairie with the docility and contentment of sheep, and are always on the best terms with each other and with the human family.

THE Egyptian lotus is found in a wild state along the margin of the River Rouge, in Wayne County, Mich., and also in the Calumet River, about a dozen miles south of Chicago, and again in the northerly part of Fox Lake, in Wisconsin, just over the Illinois line. It is also found in the swamps near Toledo, Ohio.

THREE cheeses, weighing each 2,000 pounds, were recently made at Whitesboro, N. Y., and will be shipped to Glasgow, where they will be shown as specimens of American products.

LARGE and luscious oysters are now found in abundance in Indian River, Florida.

CREMATION has secured a firm foothold in Italy. At a convention recently held in Modena there were representatives of twenty-seven cremation societies established in different Italian cities.

A MISSIONARY steamer, with hull and machinery, weighing only six tons, has been built in England for the Baptist Missionary Society. It is for service on the upper reaches of the Congo River, and is called *Peace*. The boat can be taken to pieces, and in that condition it will be sent to the mouth of the Congo. From thence the pieces will be carried by eight hundred men a distance of three hundred miles up to Stanley Pool, where the steamer will be reconstructed by the missionaries.

A PAPER watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

THE grand staircase in the new Hotel De Ville, of Paris, will have one hundred steps of Carrara marble, each of which will cost \$80.

AN Englishman has discovered a use for orange-peel. He finds that, after being dried in an oven until all the moisture has been expelled, it becomes readily inflammable, and serves admirably either for lighting fires or for reconstituting them when they have nearly gone out. Thoroughly dried orange-peel will keep for a very long time, and might be collected while the fruit is in season, and stored for winter use.

DR. H. P. STEARNS, of the Hartford (Conn.) Retreat for the Insane, accounts for the increased amount of disease of the nervous system observed of late years by reference to the larger part of the twenty-four hours which the masses of the people spend within doors. A far greater part of the population than used to be employed in counting-houses, business offices, stores and factories, inhaling a heated and contaminated atmosphere, the effect of which upon the delicate structure of the brain cannot but be most unfavorable.

PRESIDENT POTTER, of Union College, has offered three prizes to the students keeping the neatest, most elegant and attractive rooms, and various competitors have begun their decorations, many of the rooms presenting an exceedingly novel appearance.

Death-roll of the Week.

NOVEMBER 18TH.—At Portland, Me., General James D. Fessenden, United States Register in Bankruptcy, aged 50; at Madison, Ind., Major John D. Simpson, a well-known editor and politician. November 19th.—At Lockport, N. Y., Dr. William McCollum, an old and esteemed citizen; at Petersburg, Va., Dr. Richard Jeffries, a prominent physician, aged 62; at Columbus, Ga., Dr. John E. Bacon, President of the Board of Health and ex-Mayor. November 20th.—In New York city, Professor Henry Draper, the well-known astronomer and chemist, aged 45; at Johnstown, N. Y., Judge Stewart, a well-known citizen; at Boston, Mass., Isaac R. Butts, the oldest printer in the city, aged 86; at Trenton, N. J., Timothy Abbott, an old and respected citizen, aged 74; at Washington, D. C., Colonel Milton Cogswell, Deputy Governor of the Soldiers' Home; at London, England, Rev. Dr. Edward Hawkins, a prominent theologian, aged 93; Dudley Ryder, Earl of Harrowby, aged 84. November 21st.—In New York city, Colonel William Henry McMahon, a leading Custom House official and member of the Tariff Commission, aged 45; at Buffalo, N. Y., James S. Harrison, a leading business man, aged 63; at Richmond, Va., James A. Cowardin, founder and senior editor of the *Dispatch*, aged 72. November 22d.—In New York city, Thurlow Weed, the veteran editor and politician, aged 85; at Bowlands, Pa., William Westfall, a prominent Democratic politician, aged 68. November 23d.—In New York city, William B. Meeker, a well-known broker, aged 54; Abraham Lent, a well-known Republican politician, aged 67; at Bangor, Me., William H. Brown, ex-Mayor, aged 60; at Richmond, Va., R. M. J. Paynter, a leading telegraph man, aged 42; at Detroit, Mich., Cyrus Howett, formerly Commissioner of the State Land Office; at Paris, France, Mrs. Henrietta L. King, widow of President King of Columbia College, aged 83. November 24th.—In this city, Matthew Kelley, a wealthy retired builder; at Newark, N. J., Louis D. Baldwin, a well-known citizen of Belleville, N. J., aged 63; at Buffalo, N. Y., William Wilkeson, an old and prominent resident, aged 71; at Montreal, Canada, ex-Judge Drummond, of the Superior Court.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ADMIRAL SHYMOUR and General Wolsey have been gazetted peers.

EX-SECRETARY KIRKWOOD has become president of a national bank just organized at Iowa City.

MR. WILLIAM W. ASTOR, the new American Minister to Italy, presented his credentials last week.

A LONDON madman was arrested last week for sending a letter to Mr. Gladstone, threatening to murder him.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE, the well-known English lawyer, is soon coming to this country on a lecturing tour.

SENATOR DAVIS, of West Virginia, peremptorily declines to be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate.

HERBERT SPENCER has reached England on his return from this country, and sends back word that he is much better.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY of France appears to have quite recovered from his recent illness, and went on a shooting trip last week.

GOVERNOR-ELECT PATTISON of Pennsylvania has tendered the office of Attorney-general to Lewis C. Cassidy, his preceptor in law.

COLONEL JOHN BODINE has resigned the captaincy of the American military rifle team which is to shoot the return match at Wimbledon next year.

ENOS A. KIRNS, a prominent Methodist of Philadelphia, while delivering an exhortation at a revival meeting a few days ago, fell dead of heart disease.

THE wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington has lately adopted the dress usual among fashionable American ladies, and it is said to be very becoming to her.

ALVIN HAWKINS, the Republican Governor of Tennessee, who was defeated for re-election, has eight brothers in the State, all of whom voted against him at the election.

LIEUTENANT WISEMAN, who has since Spring been exploring the Congo River region, has arrived in Zanzibar. In his journey across equatorial Africa he gained valuable information.

VICTOR HUGO's old play, "Le Roi s'Amuse," which was suppressed by the Government upon its first representation in 1832, was revived in Paris last week, but did not prove a success.

GOVERNOR-ELECT CLEVELAND resigned the Mayoralty of Buffalo, November 20th, and a special election will be held, January 9th, to choose his successor, Alderman Drake acting meanwhile as Mayor.

A BUST of Robert Burns, the cost of which has been defrayed by small subscriptions, will shortly be placed in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the memorials of his fellow-poets and countrymen, Campbell and Thomson.

LOUISVILLE is very proud of Mary Anderson, who made her debut on the stage there, and at the close of a recent engagement a wreath of silver laurel was publicly presented to her, upon the stage, by the Mayor in behalf of the citizens.

MRS. MELVILLE, wife of the engineer of the *Jeannette*, has been released from the insane asylum to which she was committed a few weeks ago, and returned to her home, at Sharon Hill, Pa., where Mr. Melville has made provision for her support.

THE Czar of Russia trusted his life to the tender mercies of his subjects again last week, driving through the streets of St. Petersburg to the Michaeloff Palace in an open sledge with his wife, and meeting a hearty reception from the populace.

THE Governor-General and the Princess Louise enjoy British Columbia so much that they will not return to Ottawa before New Year's. It is understood that the viceregal party will, on their homeward trip, visit Denver, St. Louis, Chicago and New York.

GOVERNOR STEPHENS of Georgia promises to acquire a reputation as a pardoner, having already extended executive clemency in twenty-five cases, including those of two murderers, in whose behalf he has vainly besought the late Governor's interposition.

WHILE trying a case before Justice Larremore of the State Supreme Court in New York city last week, Lawyer Abraham Marks, taking offense at something said by Lawyer Bassett, struck him in the eye, and the Judge sent Marks to jail for thirty days for contempt of court.

JENNY LIND now resides in London, the mistress of a spacious and attractive home. Her hair is only slightly tinged with gray, her eyes bright and happy, her form well preserved, and although she has reached the age of sixty years she looks fully ten years younger.

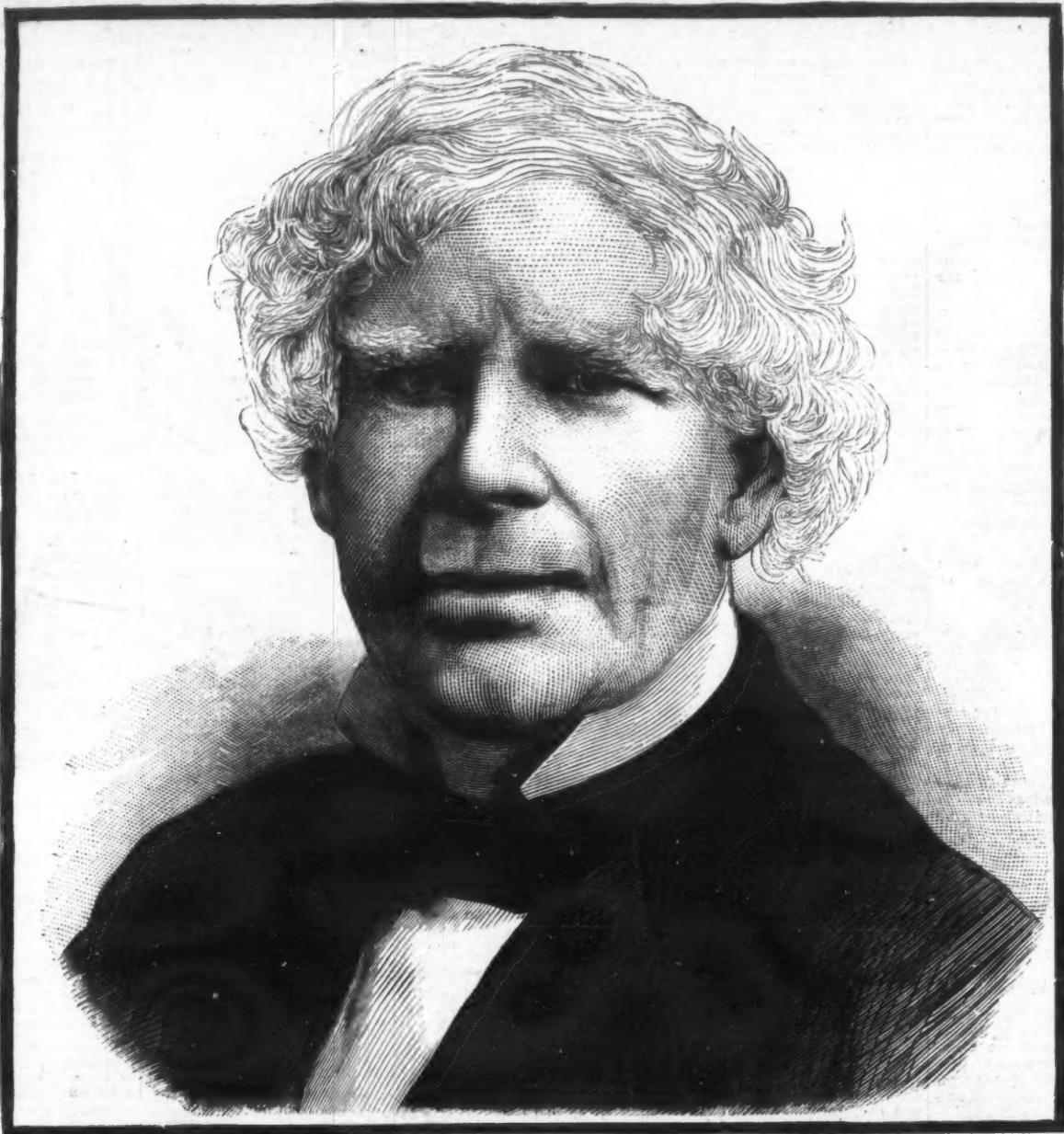
THE Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, a brother of Moses H. and Henry Grinnell, celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birthday on October 18th. He is the oldest man in Massachusetts who ever was a member of Congress, and still possesses good health and unimpaired faculties.

THE recent wedding of Mrs. Philena H. Landers, of Acushnet, Mass., a widow of seventy-three, and Leander Randall, a widower of seventy-four, was made notable by the presence of two of the bride's granddaughters, aged thirty-two years, as bridesmaids, while her great grandson, a lad of twelve, stood up with his venerable ancestor at the ceremony.

THE memorial to Dr. Pusey is to take the form of the purchase of his library and the provision of suitable buildings to contain it, with an endowment for two or more clerical men to act as librarians and promote the interest of theological study. It is proposed to raise \$250,000 by contributions from church members in Great Britain, the colonies, and the United States.

THREE of the vacant chairs in the Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary were filled last week by the election of Rev. George Harris, of Providence, R. I., as Abbot Professor of Systematic Divinity; Rev. E. Y. Hincks, recently of Portland, Me., Smith Professor of Theology, to be assigned to the Department of Biblical Theology; and Rev. J. P. Taylor, of New London, Conn., Taylor Professor of Biblical History and Theology, and instructor in the Oriental languages.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY, of Star Route notoriety, has an elegant home in Colfax County, New Mexico. The house externally resembles a typical Southern plantation mansion, being two stories high, with ample verandas, and with the chimneys built outside the walls. Within are all the equipments and luxuries that adorned Mr. Dorsey's Washington home during his Senatorial career. In a small adjacent building he has a fine museum of stuffed birds, animals, reptiles and fishes, together with a regular arsenal of sportsman's accoutrements. From a pole on the house-roof a flag is kept flying, as a sign to travelers that Mr. Dorsey is "at home" in every sense of the phrase.



THE LATE THURLOW WEED, JOURNALIST AND PUBLICIST.—SEE PAGE 235.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN OLD VIRGINIA.—A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK—"GRET SCOTT! WHAR AM DE BIRD?"—SEE PAGE 238.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF KANSAS.

ONE of the surprises of the recent election was the choice of a Democratic Governor in the strongly Republican State of Kansas. Governor St. John, the present Republican incumbent, was strongly opposed by a large section of his own party



KANSAS.—HON. GEO. W. GLICK, GOVERNOR-ELECT.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KLECKNER.

In his canvass for a third term, and although he succeeded in securing the nomination, enough of this opposition survived, combined with the bitter fight against him because of his strong prohibition stand and his unpopular attitude on the railroad question, to defeat him at the polls. George W. Glick, who thus becomes the first Democratic Gov-

him. On the day after election he sent a dispatch to the Anti-St. John Republican Club of Topeka, in which, after returning thanks for their labors in his behalf, he said: "My election is not a party victory or a party triumph, but a victory of principle and of manhood, a victory over bossism and third-termism, and that it means prosperity to our State, true temperance, and individual liberty." On the Monday following the election a great demonstration was given to the Governor-elect at Leavenworth, special trains bringing crowds of people from other places to join in the reception. Many eloquent speeches were made, the general tenor of which was that the election of Glick was a triumph of the people over fanaticism and railroad bossism rather than of Democracy. The new Governor made an excellent impression, receiving, in a dignified but pleasant manner, all who approached him. In an interview Governor Glick stated that his election was not much of a surprise to him, as during the canvass in every county that he visited the same feeling prevailed concerning prohibition, third-termism, bossism and other bad features that had been tacked on to the Republican ticket. He gave it as his opinion that the present prohibition law was a total failure and did not meet approval, and he would use his best endeavors to have a law enacted that will give equal rights and justice to all, which he believed would be done by a license law.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF DELAWARE.

CHARLES C. STOCKLEY, the Governor-elect of Delaware, was born in Sussex County in that State, on the 6th day of November, 1819. He is thus sixty-three years of age, yet he is apparently as vigorous and as active as a young man of twenty-five; indeed, he was the choice of the Young Democracy in the Convention that nominated him. Mr. Stockley is a straightforward, honest, frank man—

built. Until recently he was a director in the former road and president of the latter. He is now president of the Farmers' Bank of Georgetown. Mr. Stockley has always taken an active part in politics. He was elected Sheriff of Sussex County in 1854, a State Senator in 1872, and Speaker of the Delaware Senate in 1875. He has always been a staunch Democrat, and has for a number of years been recognized as the leader of the anti-Saulsbury faction of the party in his own county. At the late Democratic State Convention his nomination was bitterly opposed by Senator Saulsbury, and by the whole Saulsbury family, but so intrenched was Mr. Stockley in the public esteem, especially among the young Democracy, that he accomplished an

the buildings necessary for educational and religious purposes the missionary spirit of the richer communities from which he goes supplements the little he may be able to do, and thus it comes to pass that at every point throughout the broad Western expanse around which a handful of settlers have gathered, the church spire may be seen, at once the sign and proof of a dominant religious sentiment. In one or two of the newer States reports show that churches are being organized at the rate of three a week. Dakota is comparatively one of our youngest Territories, but it has already, at all its more important settlements, church edifices which, in point of convenience and architectural attractions, contrast favorably with



PENNSYLVANIA.—COLOSSAL STATUARY DESIGNED FOR THE NEW POST OFFICE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 230.



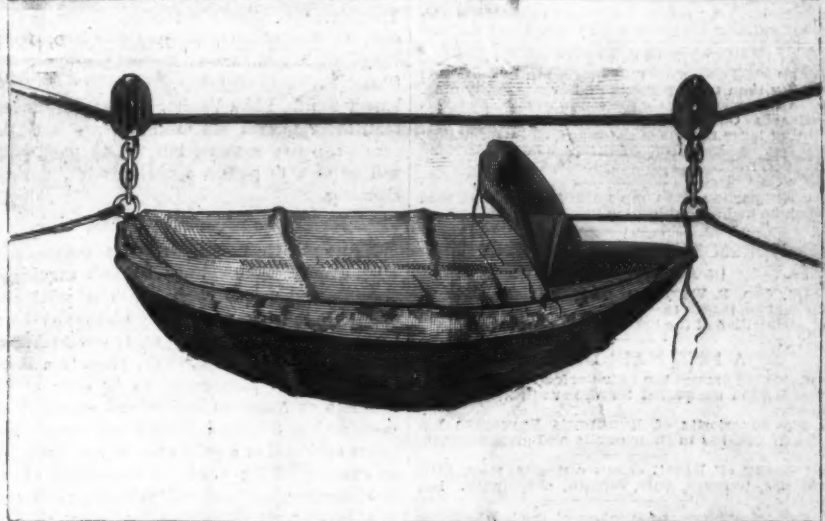
NEBRASKA.—THE EPISCOPAL MISSION BUILDINGS AT SANTEE AGENCY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORROW.

ernor of the State, is a man in the prime of life, who has long been prominent in the State. Like so many successful candidates for office in these latter days, Mr. Glick is "an Ohio man" by birth, and, after coming to the Bar, he practiced law for some years in Fremont, the home of ex-President Hayes. Obeying the famous injunction to "Go West," he removed from Ohio to Kansas, settling in Atchison, and steadily developed in his new home until, when the Democrats were looking for their strongest man to pit against St. John, the choice fell upon Glick. The result vindicated the wisdom of the selection, and the course of the Governor-elect since his success became known indicates that he has a realizing sense of the obligations thus laid upon

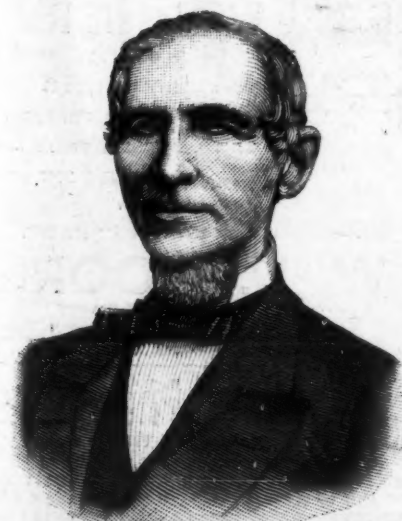
one whom any person can approach; and, perhaps, has more genuine personal friends than any other man in the State. He lives on a large farm about three miles from the ancient town of Georgetown, the county seat of Sussex County. His home is one of the most comfortable and hospitable in the county. He commenced life as a schoolteacher; he

easy victory. The Republicans made a strong effort to defeat him at the polls, but he made such an active and aggressive canvass that he ran ahead of his ticket, and was elected by nearly two thousand majority, carrying every county in the State. That he will fill with credit the high office to which he has been elected there can be no doubt whatever.

those of many older communities. Thus, at Yankton Agency the Congregational church has a religious mission, with a church building, which, as shown in our illustration, is in every way attractive. At Santee Agency, in Nebraska, some thirty miles above the town of Yankton, the Episcopalians have a cluster of mission buildings which are even more attractive. At both of these points an excellent work has been done by the missionaries in charge, and there can be no doubt that the civilization which is rising upon the foundations they have laid will reflect the highest and best forms of American thought and culture. Money cannot be more wisely invested than in encouraging this useful missionary work.



MITCHELL'S LIFE-SAVING CAR.—A CANVAS BOAT IN A FRAME OF IRON.
SEE PAGE 230.



DELAWARE.—HON. CHARLES C. STOCKLEY, GOVERNOR-ELECT.

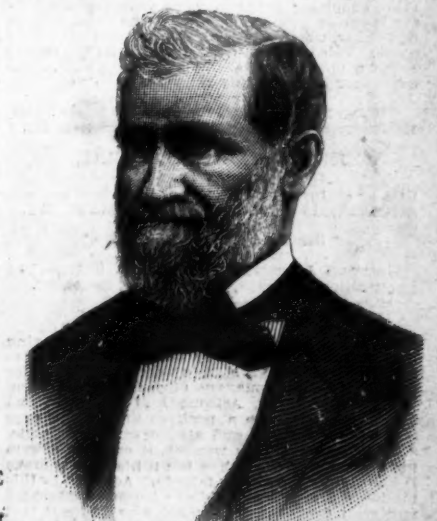


DAKOTA.—THE CONGREGATIONAL MISSION BUILDING AT YANKTON AGENCY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY MORROW.

was next engaged in a mercantile business and afterwards resorted to farming, which he still carries on. During the whole of his life Mr. Stockley has been a public-spirited citizen. He did more to foster railroad construction than any other man in the State. It was largely through his personal efforts that the Junction and Breakwater and Breakwater and Frankford Railroads were

MISSIONS AT YANKTON AND SANTEE AGENCIES.

It is a gratifying incident of the movement of population Westward that it always carries with it into the wilderness the church and school, the twin factors of all true civilization. If the emigrant is without sufficient means to build and maintain



MICHIGAN.—HON. J. W. BEGOLE, GOVERNOR-ELECT.—SEE PAGE 230.

SEARCHING FOR THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

OUR picture of "The Anti-Thanksgiving Search for the Missing Turkey" tells its own story. Clearly, the turkey has the best of the hide-and-seek game which he is playing with his pursuer, and the amazement of the colored individual at the disappearance of the bird is not at all unnatural under the circumstances. It is quite possible, however, that the eager quest may ultimately be crowned with success, and, in that event, we can easily understand that no mercy will be shown to the unfortunate victim.

BUSINESS IN STEWART'S STORE.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE FIRMS HITHERTO CONDUCTING THE TRADE.

THE firms of Grocock, Sylvester & Hilton and Edwin J. Denning, who succeeded to, and have for some time conducted, respectively, the wholesale and retail business of the late firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., have consolidated their interests. The two departments will continue, nevertheless, to be conducted independently of one another. The wholesale firm will be known as Grocock, Sylvester & Hilton, and the retail as E. J. Denning & Co. The latter firm will hereafter occupy the entire lower floor of the Stewart Building. The wholesale business will be conducted on the second floor. Under this new arrangement the Paris, Nottingham, and Chemnitz houses of the old firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. will be continued by Grocock, Sylvester & Hilton, who have also purchased the Nottingham mills in England, where the star brand of underwear, which had been a specialty with the old house, is manufactured. Mr. Horace C. Sylvester, of the new firm, who has for ten years past had charge of the European business of A. T. Stewart & Co., has been in this city during the past ten days perfecting arrangements for the consolidation. He sailed for Europe in company with four buyers representing the consolidated firm on Saturday on the new steamer *Werra*, of the North German Lloyd's Line. This consolidation indicates a continuance of the magnificent business founded by the dead merchant prince, for the venture of the new firms has thus far met with a success flattering beyond the most sanguine anticipations.

THE great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP to all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy. Price 25 cents a bottle.

PAT—"An' is it the next train for Boston ye want? Faith, that wint an hour ago, sorr."

IT HAS DONE WONDERFUL THINGS FOR HER.

SO WHITES a daughter of the effect of Compound Oxygen on her mother, a lady in her sixty-ninth year, about whose case, when submitted to us for an opinion, we wrote discouragingly. After the first treatment had been used up, this report was made: "You perhaps remember that when you gave her (my mother) your advice, you said that you did not think her case as hopeful as a majority of your patients, so that you cannot always tell in advance. It has done wonderful things for her, and I would have been glad if you could have witnessed them. At the time she commenced taking the Oxygen, she did not think she could live very long. She was feeble, very much depressed in spirits, a victim of extreme nervous prostration, with no special sign of disease, besides. Life was almost a burden to her, so dark and dreary looked the whole world. To-day she is cheerful, with more strength and seeming vitality than most persons of her age—sixty-nine. After a busy forenoon, she has come a quarter of a mile to make calls. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address: DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE parting gives me pain," as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

DR. JNO. P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with present decided benefit in a case of innutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

A FINE HAIR-DRESSING.

COCAINE dresses the hair perfectly, and is also a preparation unequalled for the eradication of dandruff.

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their purity and great strength.

"ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

THE latest photograph taken of the late Thurlow Weed was executed at the gallery of ANDERSON, 785 Broadway, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

FOR Rough Skin and Freckles use CASWELL, MASEY & CO.'S MELODERMA. 1,121 Broadway and 578 Fifth Avenue.

BABES PROPERLY NOURISHED

GROW into vigorous men and women. Nothing is more conducive to this than ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD, for infants and invalids.

THE attention of our readers is called to the large advertisement in this issue of S. H. MOORE, New York, publisher of *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *Cottage and Farm*, in which he offers to send both of these charming papers for one year, together with six splendid premiums, all for the small sum of one dollar, which is the regular price of *the Cricket* alone. This is a most liberal offer, and you cannot make a mistake in taking advantage of it. The advertiser is thoroughly reliable.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation; tasteless; 25c.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE,

A Specific for Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & CO., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

KALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE—The great relish for soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A magnificent production: HARPER'S CHRISTMAS. The genius of the writers is equalled by the genius of the artists. It is a monument of beauty.—N. Y. SUN, Nov. 21.

A SPLENDID COMBINATION OF ART AND LITERATURE.

HARPER'S CHRISTMAS

Price, 75 Cents.

This publication is admitted to be the

Most Remarkable and Attractive

CHRISTMAS PAPER EVER ISUED.

It consists of thirty-two pages of reading matter and illustrations, and a Supplement presenting a double-page engraving of Vedder's powerful drawing—the Head of the youthful Samson. The page is twice the size of that of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and the paper is of extra weight and of the finest quality.

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Among the contributors to HARPER'S CHRISTMAS are George William Curtis, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, Mark Twain, E. C. Steadman, "Uncle Remus," Thomas Hardy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, G. P. Lathrop, Rose Terry Cooke and Frank D. Millet.

HARPER'S CHRISTMAS.

It has been the aim of the projectors of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS to secure for it the best work of leading American authors; and they submit the results to their readers, in the confident belief that no richer variety of sterling and attractive Holiday literature has ever been offered to the American public.

HARPER'S CHRISTMAS.

The illustrations are all by the following well-known members of the TILE CLUB of New York city, viz.: Frederic Dielman, R. Swain Gifford, C. S. Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, George H. Boughton, Alfred Parsons, Arthur Quartley, W. M. Chase, Frank D. Millet, J. Alden Weir, F. Hopkinson Smith, Elihu Vedder; and as the literary contributions, with one exception, are from the pens of native authors, this superb publication will be seen to possess a distinctively American character.

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HARPER'S CHRISTMAS is not a conventional Holiday publication. From Vedder's exquisitely designed and unique cover, which is printed in colors, to the last page, every illustration bears the distinct impress of originality and freshness; and the collection, as a whole, presents a beautiful gallery of pictures, drawn by some of the foremost of American artists, and engraved on wood with a combined delicacy and power never before exhibited in a publication of this kind. As an example of the wonderful capabilities of the wood-engraver's art, as well as of the refinement to which the art of printing has been carried in this country, HARPER'S CHRISTMAS will take the highest rank in official and popular estimation.

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Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved. Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked. Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

The Most Beautiful Book of the Season.

ENGLAND, PICTURESQUE and DESCRIPTIVE.

By JOEL COOK,

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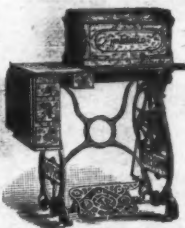
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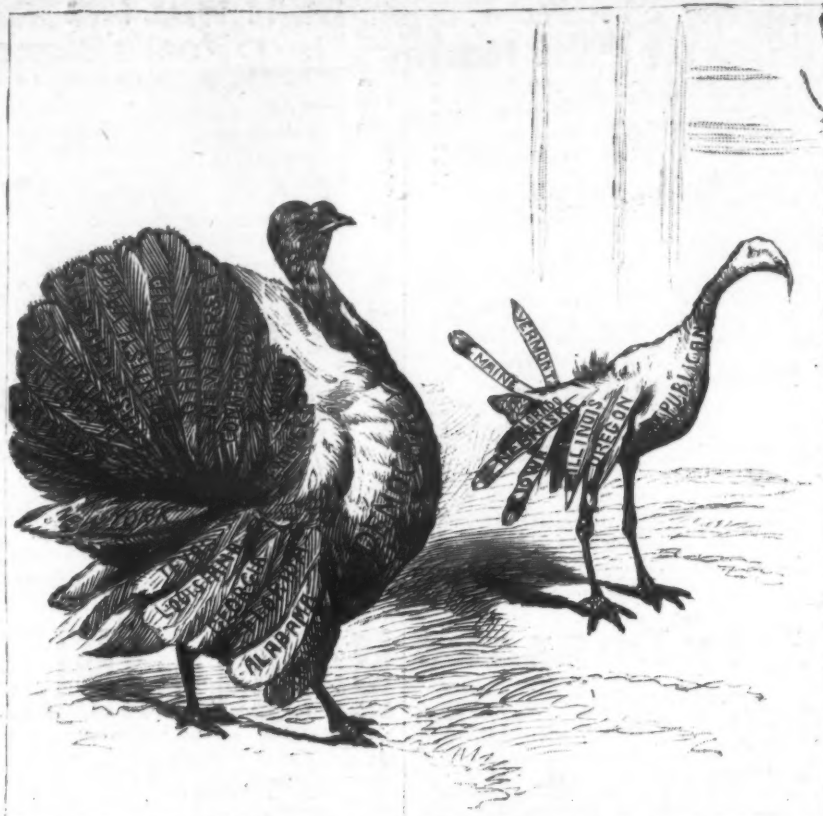
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